

APRIL 1, 1922

# MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"



J. K. Munro — Ben Ames Williams — Stanley J. Weyman  
W. A. Fraser — G. A. Terrill — J. A. Stevenson

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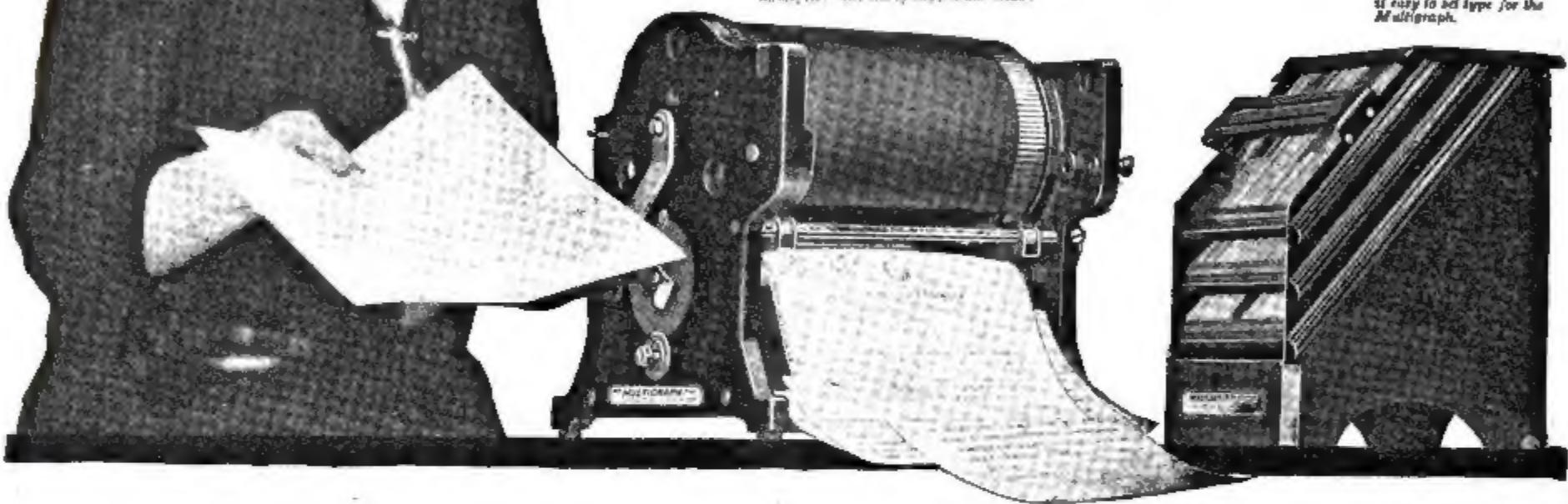
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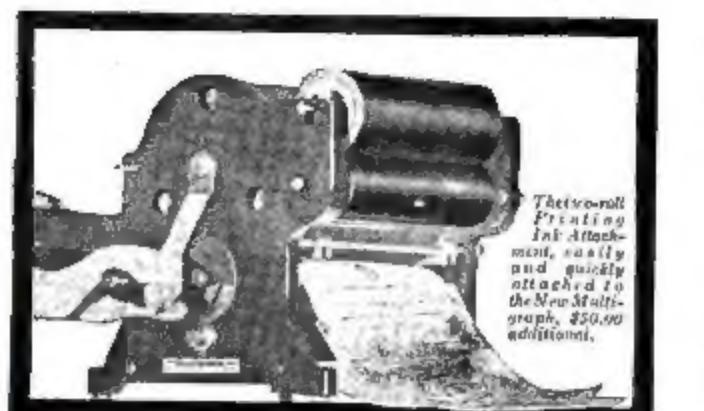
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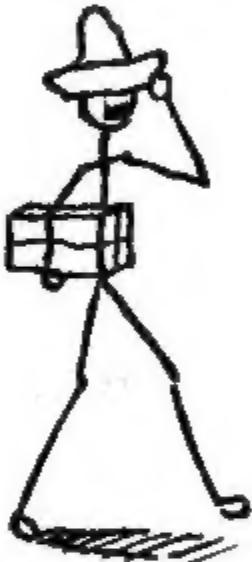
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## In the Editor's Confidence

I KNEW Mr. Coleman would have a "come-back" when he saw the March 15 issue. "This is my only justification for the high heels worn by Nancy in Madge MacBeth's 'Opal Princess,'" he explains. "Back farther in the story Mrs. MacBeth tells how men travelled miles across the desert to see the beauteous Nancy where she 'carried herself like a queen' etc. Well, one of those men brought the shoes!" To prove (?) his point Mr. Coleman forwards the sketch shown herewith. Note the ardent visitor as he hikes



across the desert, shoe-box under his arm, and wiping the perspiration from his brow!

### Jolting "J. K."

WHO is the most widely-read political writer in Canada? Without very much argument—J. K. Munro. I don't mind saying—since all this is "in confidence"—that many readers don't agree with Mr. Munro—and a few don't like him. Last night I was talking to a Toronto subscriber who said: "Well, I've just mailed north my March 1 copy of MacLean's. I always send each issue on to an old, retired lumber boss, who reads very little, but never misses Munro's stuff. He is a life-long Liberal, though he parted with his leader over conscription, and he says Munro has, for him, the most entertaining pen in Canada."

### A Professorial View

SO MUCH for one reader—and there are scores from whom we hear, personally or by letter, on this topic. A few nights ago a professor in philosophy said that *MacLean's* is "practically the only popular periodical he sees regularly. "I get it, I must admit, mainly

# MACLEAN'S

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY  
On the First and Fifteenth of Each Month

JOHN DAYNE MACLEAN, President  
H. T. HUNTER, Vice-President  
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14-15 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO CANADA

THE MACLEAN COMPANY OF GREAT BRITAIN, LIMITED, 38 FLEET STREET,  
E.C., LONDON, ENGLAND

BRANCH OFFICES: Montreal, Southern Building, 125, University Street; Winnipeg, 201  
Confederation Life Building; New York, Room 1600, 38 James Building, 1123  
Broadway (corner 26th Street); Chicago, 401 Transportation Building; Vancouver,  
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to read J. K. Munro's pungent, satirical articles," he remarked. "I can't see anything in your stories." (This reminds me that a few months ago S. J. McLean, deputy railway commissioner, said: "I don't always read your articles, but I think your stories are splendid. They're just what a business man needs, by way of relaxation, after a strenuous day.")

### Likes—and Disagrees

BUT to return to J. K. Here are two letters from doctors, expressing almost opposite views on this topic. Dr. W. E. Olmsted, Niagara Falls, Ont., writes: "I like *MacLean's*, particularly articles by J. K. Munro, with whom I disagree heartily." Dr. F. ...., Aylmer, Ont., deprecates the "abuse and cruel personalities" which greet some Canadian statesmen, and adds: "To this end let *MacLean's* cut out its J. K. Munro bunk." So there you are!

J. K. has spent more than a decade observing federal politics from his pinnacle in the press gallery at Ottawa, and he sizes up our politicians as he sees them with their halos off. He may not be right—but he's honest, entertaining and informative.

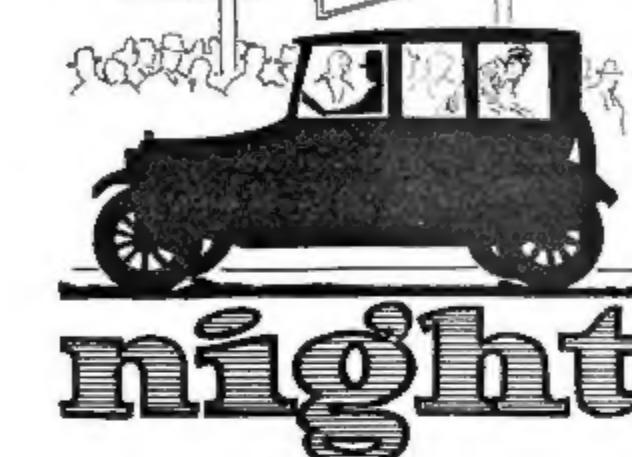
### Talking About Titles

DON'T miss "Delilah Scores", the W. A. Fraser racing story which is complete in this issue, starting on page 9. There'll be another of the series in May 1. By the way, do you like the titles put on our articles and stories? Sometimes the author's title is used, but usually the caption is the result of a brain wave on the part of one of the editors. I notice that Editor MacLean, of the *Popular*, is daring his readers to send in better titles. If any reader can think up snappier ones, go ahead! For the best alternative list of titles for the articles and stories in this issue (not including the Reviews) a year's subscription will be awarded.

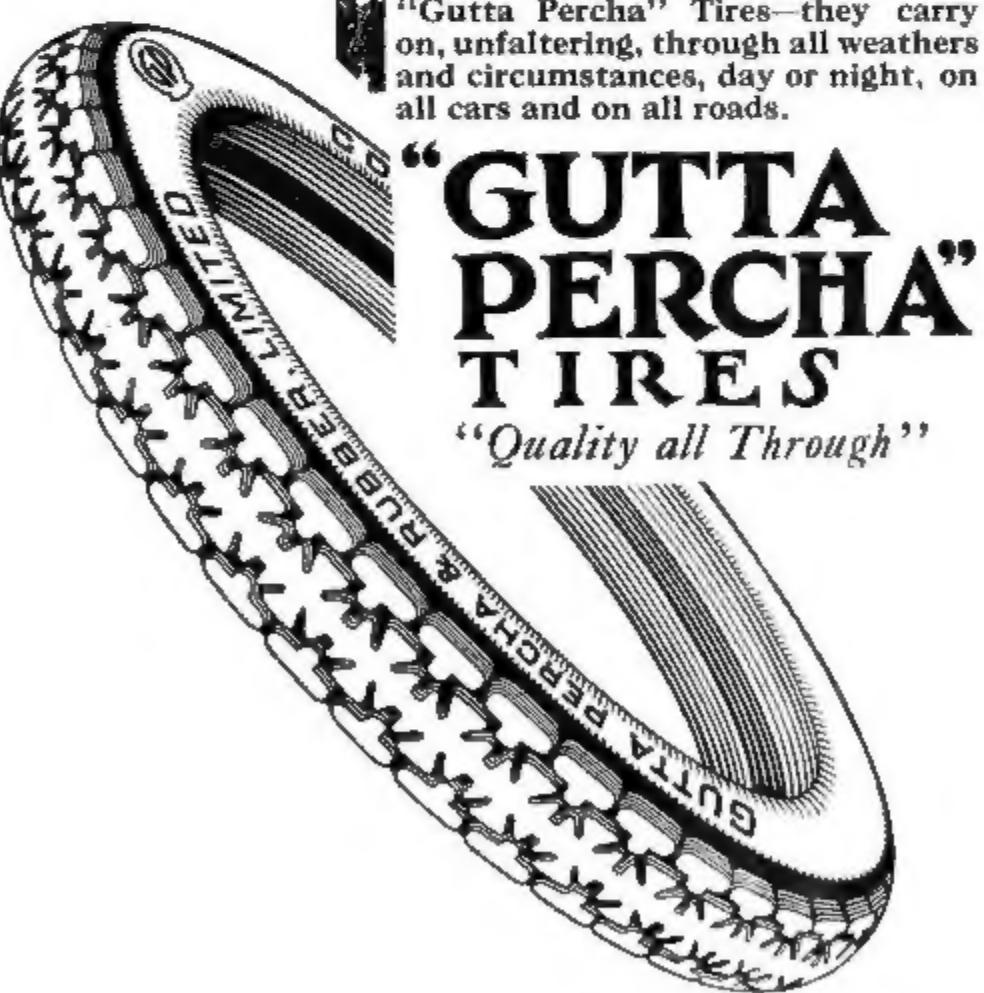
### From Egwango Oopo

WE WELCOME today into the *MacLean's* family J. H. A. Ekang. Why? Because he forwards his subscription all the way from Egwango Oopo, Nigeria, Africa, where he says he is "the famous photographer" for the Wesleyan Mission School.

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# BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

## BE CAREFUL TO INVEST YOUR MONEY WITH SOUND HOUSES

THE failure of a number of firms doing a stock brokerage business in Canada has caused a certain amount of unrest among clients of other firms as well. This is only natural in the same way that the failure of a bank weakens for the time being the confidence of some of the customers of other banks. The stock brokerage failures in several instances have been attended with reports of improper proceedings on the part of some of those concerned, and the result has been a demand from many directions for a tightening up of the authority the local stock exchange may exercise over its members, or for more stringent regulations covering the licensing of concerns that do business without becoming members of a recognized stock exchange.

In one or two cases at least charges of "bucketing" are freely heard. That is, firms have failed to execute buying orders for clients but have accepted the margins they deposited and taken the chance of the stock showing a decline instead of a rise in the hope that they might make the purchase later at a lower price and clean up a personal profit on the transaction. This worked well while the general market was in the midst of a reaction such as was the case for about twelve months prior to the recent rise. When, however, the majority of stocks they were supposed to purchase, and did not, were registering advances of five or ten or twenty points, and the client wanted to sell out and claim a profit, they were caught without the stock to sell, and without the money to make up the loss that would be entailed if they paid the client the profit to which he was justly entitled had the original purchase been made for him at the time.

Bucket shops do not thrive on a rising market. There was one case in Montreal that a disappointed client described as a modern "Jesse James" hold-up where clients' money was shipped off to New York without the stocks being purchased at all. But, fortunately, in this case several arrests have been made and jail sentences may clear the atmosphere for some years to come. In the absence of either legislation or active surveillance that might effectively prevent these imported concerns operating with little stake in the community the investor should assure himself of the character of the firms with whom he places his money. When in doubt do not take any risk.

### Supervision Required

SO FAR as members of a recognized stock exchange are concerned it seems regrettable that some form of supervision of stock brokerage operations is not in effect. Whatever the difficulties, it would tend to strengthen the confidence of investors in the members of the Canadian Exchanges if membership carried with it some type of guarantee as to all the operations being legitimate; and also some guarantee against weaknesses being continued unchecked up to a point where a heavy failure is enforced and the assets are found to have been practically wiped out. The question is receiving very serious consideration from members of the Canadian Exchanges.

It would appear that at present the governing bodies are powerless to interfere beyond seeing to it that technically the operations on the floor of the exchange follow a certain procedure. It is argued that with a comparatively small membership, compared with more than 1,000 members of the New York Exchange, no firm would be willing to have a member of another firm exercise a right to investigate detailed operations as the information obtained might be made use of consciously or unconsciously to the advantage of the investigator or the disadvantage of the

### Effect of Fordney Tariff

THE failure, at least temporarily, of the Minister of Finance, Hon. W. S. Fielding, to obtain a definite approval of a reciprocal agreement that would permit the entry into the United States of certain Canadian farm products is emphasized by export figures showing a very striking decline in the export of these products across the border. A portion of this decline must be attributed to the drop in prices where values are taken into account. This loses any force, however, where quantities can be compared. Moreover, where the general run of manufactured articles has been declining steadily there has not been

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such a drop in food products, and the export of these to the United Kingdom is holding up practically to the level of one year ago. This indicates that had it not been for the Fordney Emergency Tariff Canadian exports of these lines to the United States might have been expected to hold up, in quantity, pretty well to the levels of one year ago, but they did not.

For instance, in wheat: eight months ending January, 1922, only 10,945,000 bushels were sent over as compared with 34,872,000 one year ago. Only 297,000 barrels of flour as against 781,000; only 138,000 head of cattle as against 261,000; only 23,000,000 pounds of fresh or frozen beef, mutton and pork as against 31,000,000; only 2,830,000 pounds of butter compared with more than 5,000,000.

For the time being the agricultural "plop" remains in the ascendancy in the United States and the market for Canadian farm produce quite evidently must be sought elsewhere.

### ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Question—I enclose statement of the Directors' Report of the Canadian Producing and Refining Co. and would like to know where the property is located and if this is a true statement of their condition.—P. C. K., Three Hills, Alta.

Answer—This company was registered April 27th, 1916, to acquire as a going concern about 500 acres of freehold oil lands situated in the district of Petrolia, Ontario. The properties were fully equipped. So far as we are aware no dividends have been paid. We would have no reason to doubt but that the accompanying financial statement is a true statement of the company's position. You will note that there are evidently negotiations to sell the company's land and plant. Seemingly the production has not been what had been hoped.

Question—Please quote me the market price of Nukol stock. Have they paid any dividends?—Q. O. H., Kenosha, P. Q.

Answer—The Nukol Fuel Company is in liquidation, and the stock therefore has no market value. It has never paid dividends.

Question—Would you advise selling Victory Bonds and buying Fraser Companies Limited? What is your opinion of the Anglo-American Motors Limited?—G. B., Baker Brook, N. B.

Answer—Fraser Companies bonds rank as a good industrial security and as a business man you would be justified in exchanging your Victory Bonds for the Fraser issue. The two bonds are not exactly comparable. One is a government security and tax exempt, the other a taxable industrial security.

Anglo-American Motors is a speculation and at the present time does not look very attractive.

Question—Will you kindly give me your opinion as to the safety of investing with the Canadian Hardware and Implement Underwriters and also the Northwestern Mutual Fire Association of Seattle.—W. H. C., Innisfail, Alta.

Answer—Each of the insurance companies you mention carries the requisite deposits with the federal government and holds a dominion charter. They are safe to insure with.

Question—How far up do you think C.P.R. will go this year? Also can you give me any information regarding Argonaut Gold Ltd.?—G. M. W., Montreal.

Answer—We are not even guessing how far C. P. R. will go this year. That will depend on general business conditions, not only in Canada, but the whole world; on the earnings of the Company; also on the prospects of the majority of the major railways in the United States because the price of the stock cannot help but be influenced by investment attitude towards "rails" in general. If you are prepared to invest in this stock with the idea of holding it for several years, we feel that you will not only be assured of a maintenance of the present dividend, but that the price of the stock will show considerable appreciation. The Company, in addition to its railway, has a very valuable asset in its western lands.

Argonaut Gold, Ltd., has been operating for about four years and more than \$600,000 have been spent in developing the property which is near the Larder Lake District in Ontario, a few miles off the

T. & N. O. Railway. Shafts have been sunk along the 200-ft. and 350-ft. levels and a diamond drill has operated as low as 519-ft. The quality of the ore secured has encouraged the management to arrange for the construction of a mill with a capacity of about 150 tons a day and an issue of about 500,000 shares of treasury stock is being offered at 40 cents a share to pay the cost of the new mill, about \$165,000, and for further development. This will make \$3,000,000 of stock outstanding. There is some copper in the ore which will require a modification in the usual cyanide process of extraction of the gold. On the other hand the company's engineers claim that while this will be a little more costly it will be far more than covered by the return on the copper itself. The purchase of stock like this, is, of course, a very speculative matter with absolutely no guarantee that you will ever receive a return for your money, but this is the case with nearly every mining proposition. The element of chance prevails. We feel, however, that the management of the mine is efficient, that the money received from the stock will be spent in legitimate development. The rest we must leave to you.

For the time being the agricultural "plop" remains in the ascendancy in the United States and the market for Canadian farm produce quite evidently must be sought elsewhere.

Question—Please give me your opinion of the Gary Motor Truck Company of Toronto. Would you advise me taking stock in this company?—Subscriber, Lindsay, Ont.

Answer—Gary Motor Stock can hardly be classed as a conservative investment. One chief objection to this offering is the fact that the stock is being sold at too high a price. The buyer is paying cash for the common stock which represents nothing in the way of tangible assets, but merely good will, organization expenses, etc. There are more attractive propositions on the market.

Question—I would like your opinion regarding Greater Canada Security Corporation, and the Reliance Developing and Investment Company.—S.C.B., Midway, Ont.

Answer—There is a big element of speculation attached to the stock of each of the companies you mention, and we would advise you, unless you can afford to take a chance, and run the risk of loss, to seek some more conservative offering.

Question—What is the present standing of the Mattagami Pulp and Paper Co.?—A. G. D., Gravenhurst, Ont.

Answer—Operations of the Mattagami Pulp and Paper Company are under the control of a receiver and therefore economy and efficiency would seem to be assured. Current reports indicate a betterment in the pulp and paper industry with a steadily recurring demand for such products. Granted a return of favorable business Mattagami may eventually work out its problems satisfactorily. There does not appear to be anything that you can do but wait.

Question—Will you kindly give me your opinion as to the safety of investing with the Royal Oak Tire Company as an investment?—Subscriber, Everly, Ont.

Answer—We see little attraction in the stock of the Royal Oak Tire Company as an investment and would not advise its purchase.

Question—I should be glad to know your opinion on buying securities on the instalment plan.—A. M. C., Quebec, Que.

Answer—The purchase of securities on the instalment plan has its advantages in a rising market as at the present, but the investor should have a reserve in order that if the market slumps he can keep up his margin. In a rising market the investor can command a wider list of securities than if he bought outright, and at the same time reap the advantage of the price increment. As a means of purchasing bonds, however, it does not offer the same advantages as the broker's interest would more than offset the interest on the investment, and there is little chance of wide price fluctuation.

Answers will be given freely to subscribers to MacLean's Magazine in regard to Canadian industrial investments (if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed) by addressing Financial Editor, MacLean's Magazine.

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MANY a girl is unaware that her skin is disfigured by blackheads—for she does not see her skin as other people see it.

The ordinary shaded light of indoors never shows you your skin as it really is.

Can your complexion stand the test of outdoor light? Take a hand glass to the window, raise the shade as high as it will go—and what do you find? Is your skin faultlessly clear? or do ugly little blackheads, whose presence you never suspected, become visible?

Blackheads are an indication that you are not using the right method of cleansing for your type of skin. Use the following simple treatment and see how quickly you can overcome this defect:

**E**VERY NIGHT before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding in the right way, to a more thorough and stimulating form of cleansing. After you have used Woodbury's

once or twice this drawn sensation will disappear. At the same time you will begin to notice how much firmer and clearer your skin is becoming.

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J. VERNON MCKENZIE, Editor J. L. RUTLEDGE, Associate Editor

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VOLUME XXXV.  
NUMBER SEVEN

DELILAH SCORES By W. A. FRASER  
ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

**A**S STEWART OWEN and Delilah whirred up the broad drive to Caven's bungalow in Jack Andrews' capacious little car, Caven met them on the verandah.

The Man from the Desert's gray eyes, from under shaggy brows, busied themselves in an appraisement of Caven. Andrews knew his man at once—he had seen hundreds of him on the race tracks. Behind that genial, strong face, with its healthy florid skin, and the philanthropic blue-gray eyes, was tenacity, not over much scrupulousness, and a bulldog courage that would take any chance.

And Caven, as if this assay were all wrong, was whole-souled geniality.

"Welcome to The Abbey, Mrs. Owen; glad to see you," he was saying.

"Funny name for a livin' joint, Tom," and Owen grinned.

Caven indicated the black-lettered name over the stone doorway, "The Abbey of Theleme." "Highbrow stuff, Stewart—one of Gerry's tricks," and Caven laughed.

Delilah's black eyebrows drew into a tiny query mark. Highbrow stuff, and Gerry! For Owen had said that Gerry was a stable boy when the name had dropped up in a phone message.

"It means," Tom was explaining, "Do as you please," so just make yourselves at home."

When they were seated in the big drawing-room, Caven said: "After that hot drive, what about us, Stewart?"

"I'll go you once," and Owen smiled in anticipation; Andrews drew a heavy hand across the gray jungle that hid his spacious mouth in pleased surprise.

Caven stepped to a door that, as it opened to the side verandah, threw in a shaft of warm sunlight, and called "Gerry! Mrs. and Mr. Owen are here, and we want a little refreshment."

A low musical ripple of laughter floated in through the door, and a hot flush swept over the dark face of Delilah. Gerry the stable boy dabbling in the classics, and with a cultured soprano voice!

The hot blood had rushed to Owen's face also, for, over the phone, he had understood that Gerry would not be at home. He had tried to persuade his wife not to come out with them on this horse business, but Delilah was in the habit of having her own way—especially when Stewart's manner indicated that he had some hidden reason for his solicitude over her.

And Andrews, too, had wanted her with them as the horse business concerned her.

Then a vision appeared in the sunlight of the door. Delilah almost gasped, and Stewart felt his heart sink into his boots.

Gerry was undeniably a girl, a beautiful girl. A mass of hair, wind blown in the orchard, that must have been spun rubies caught and held shreds of gold from the sunlight, and sparkled where drops of red wine had fallen upon it in some ambrosial shower. The small oval face, shadowed, was like the face of a sylph framed in a golden halo and to the lithe slender figure clung a gown of shimmering burnt-

gold; beneath the slender straight ankles dainty feet rested firmly in bronze slippers.

**O**WEN groaned inwardly thinking of the aftermath with jealous wife; for he had expatiated largely upon his philanthropic endeavor to help out "poor Tom."

Gerry lingered in Delilah's firm hand, and the large soft brown eyes dwelt coquettishly on her face. "This is lovely, Mrs. Owen. I'm so glad you came; I didn't know you were coming."

Delilah's mental comment was, "I fancy not."

"It was an accident kept me at home to meet you."

Gerry purred on, "I was to have gone for a picnic with my friends the Conways, who live down the drive, but the stupid chauffeur ran their car into a motor truck to-day and they phoned that the picnic was off. I'm so glad now."

"Damn that chauffeur!" Owen growled.

To Delilah this was illuminating; for while Stewart had presented at first many plausible reasons why she should not go out to The Abbey, he had given in quite cheerfully later on; he had, no doubt, phoned out and found that Gerry had expected to be away, that was all. In fact Static had made a fine mess of it.

"Now, Gerry," Caven commanded, "these gentlemen would like a small sensation. How about a cocktail, Stewart?"

"A full-grown one," Owen grinned.

"You, Mrs. Owen?" Gerry pleaded, her voice like a caress.

"May I have milk? On a farm it will be the real thing."

"Certainly, dear. And you, Mr. Andrews?"

"Cocktails is kinder jinky for me," the patriarch said solemnly; "they're kinder too kittenish; a thimbleful of straight liquor—"

"That's the name of the place, Mr. Andrews, 'Do as you please,'" Caven commented.

As Gerry flitted out to the dining-room and back again with a tray of glasses, Delilah likened her to an orchid; yes, an orchid—orchids were parasites. She was a clinger—a gold-digger whose spade was a smile.

She pictured the past two or three weeks. Stewart had been running out to see Tom Caven over a mine deal that was to bring them a fortune; and the strong plea always was that he was anxious to put "poor Tom" on his feet, for Tom was up against it. And the magic of the help was to be that Caven had a race horse that, if Andrews would train him, could win enough money in one race to buy the Midas claim that was certain to prove a gold mine worth a million.

Owen had been full of it; it was the chance of a lifetime.

**N**OW as Delilah realized just how a girl like Gerry would appeal to her susceptible husband, she more fully understood his enthusiasm over "poor Tom" and his prospects.

Owen was anxious to get their



"I've spent a barrel of money over you, Gerry, but I guess it was worth it."

And Delilah, knowing Stewart's supreme weakness for a pretty face, set her firm white teeth. She was mentally sneering, "Poor Tom! So like Stewart to worry over any man's troubles."

Delilah was roused by Caven introducing the symphony in gold as his sister Geraldine. The slim fingers of

visit to The Abbey over. Gerry and Delilah together—in proximity, was like carrying dynamite over a rough road. There would be no explosion—not just now; he knew the subtle methods of wife too well to fear that, so he said:

"Tom, Mr. Andrews has come out to look the horse over, and give him a trial on your half-mile track. An' I've got to get back to town soon's I can."

"Right you are," Caven acquiesced. "We'll go down to the stable, you can look the colt over, Mr. Andrews. I'll have him saddled, and Mike—he's a tight boy—will give him a gallop."

"Better come, Lilah," Owen suggested. Returned to Caven. "You see, Tom, as I explained, this Shining Tree mine has got me tied up, but while here has got some loose change, an' she's a racin' bug."

"May I go too?" Gerry pleaded.

Owen frowned, and shook his head; but Gerry's eyes had been looking into Delilah's, full of admiring friendliness. She missed Stewart's pantomime, but Delilah didn't.

"Of course you're coming, Gerry—may I call you Gerry?" and Delilah's arm went round the girl's waist.

At the stable Caven and Andrews were in the stall going over the points of the colt. "Sweep Up is a three-year-old by Broomstick, out of Merry Maid," Caven explained.

"None better'n Broomstick's get, they can run an' stay," the patriarch commented; "an' Merry Maid—I remember her—she was a good mare. She was out of Australian, a imported hawse, an' that strain, called the Melbourne breed, can run all day. Merry Maid got one or two good colts—don't know where they are now, broke down, I guess."

The colt, a rich brown, had poked his head over the closed lower-half of the door, and was snuggling at Delilah's shoulder.

She opened her handbag, saying to Gerry: "I've always got some lumps of sugar here to give my horse, Slipper Dance; I carry them so I won't forget it."

She held a cube in the palm of her slim, strong hand to the colt, and Sweep Up picked it off the palm with his silky upper lip daintily.

Duster fumbled the sugar in Delilah's palm so awkwardly that it rolled to the straw-covered floor.

"Clumsy!" she reproved; "try again." This time, with a little pushing assistance from Delilah, the horse retrieved the sweet. "There," she commented, "but you're not as clever as baby-mouth!"

And something of what she had said of the weak mouth on Sweep Up came back to her; the wider nostrils, the firmer mouth and jaw of Duster, caused her to say: "Gerry, I like this horse better than the other one; he's got a face firmer, more like a man who does things. Why doesn't your brother race him?" Delilah was sure she detected confusion in Gerry's hasty, "Oh, I don't know—there's something. Tom is going to keep him for



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breeding. I don't know much about the horses—I'm not interested much."

Gerry had closed the door, saying, "We must hurry back to The Abbey and get some tea ready."

At the bungalow the orchid flitted in and out, humming something soft, sensuous, the droon punctuated by the tinkle of silverware against shell china, the gold drapes whispering about the slim, quick ankles with a suggestion of a zephyr ruffling apple blossoms.

Delilah, after the refusal of her tendered help, sat in a wicker chair watching the girl complacently; also, with a joy of endeavor in her active mind. Curiously she wasn't as bitter with Stewart as she had been in the Stella affair; she was a good sport, inherently, the Spanish or gypsy strain, whichever it was; and she had to admit that, given a man like Stewart, irresponsible, fond of immaterial things—diamonds, expensive ties, pretty women—that she could understand it in the case of Gerry.

And Gerry was deep. That clinging girlishness, rather cultivated, subdued gush, was the joker in the pack.

**D**ELILAH etched the whole thing as she sat there, Stewart, deeply interested in a man's welfare—poor Tom!—had been the improbability that had roused her suspicions at first.

And Caven, totally void of finer sensibilities, would view with satisfaction the encroaching of his friend, Owen, in the tendrils of the orchid.

Long before the men returned from the trial, Delilah had determined that Sweep Up should be taken into the patriarch's barn; this would mean that she would be holding a hand in this delightful game of using Owen—poor Tom would have a chance.

When the three men came into the bungalow, Delilah read in their faces depression; Sweep Up had evidently proved a frost. Even the bright smile and golden swish of the orchid failed to lift the gloom.

Over the tea, Delilah, having broken the ice of reserve that shrouded the men by a query, Andrews explained that Sweep Up had not given much encouragement.

"In the fast place, Mrs. Owen," he said, "the clock is agin' him; he run the half-mile, with a light weight on his back, in 52 seconds, an' he was all out, cause the boy didn't spare the flail none."

"But, Uncle," Owen objected, "you've got a horse in your barn that won't work much faster 'n that, an' in a race he'll reel off three quarters in 1.12 on a fast track."

"That's right, son, 's far 's it goes; timin' a hawse in a stable trial ain't none too sure. I had another hawse that was the other way about—he was a mornin' glory. In the mornin' he'd show me a trial of 1.13 for three quarters, goin' with his mouth wide open, an' in a race he'd get beat in 1.14. No, trials don't land the purse. But Sweep Up didn't seem to be able to extend himself; he's got a choppy gallop; he can't run, or he don't know how."

"They must be brothers," Delilah declared.

"Yes, I believe they are. I think he's Sweep Up's four-year-old brother."

Delilah was stroking the brown forehead, running her hand down the bony nose. "Wait," she said to Gerry, "let me give him a lump of sugar; let's quiet him and then shut the door."

"Then the thing's off, eh?"

"It isn't off, Stewart—if you're game." "I'm game if I say so. What is it?"

"I've got in my stable a four-year-old, full brother to Sweep Up, called Duster, and nobody on earth can tell them apart, except for a white spot on one fetlock. I can hide that; a strong permanganate of potassium wash, brushed in three times, and not even Jack Andrews will know but what he's got Sweep Up. Duster could lose Sweep Up at a mile."

"Then we'll take Duster," Owen declared.

"Wait! Duster was a good two-year-old; he won three races. Then, at New Orleans, the man that had him, pulled him when he was a hot favorite, and the play was raw up; jockey, horse, and trainer were ruled off. When I bought this place from that owner, both colts were thrown in cheap, because Sweep Up was a yearling, and Duster, on account of being ruled off, was only good for breeding. I thought of trying to get Duster reinstated, being a different owner, but if he could run in that stake as Sweep Up he'd be 50 to 1, and he'd carry nine pounds less as a three-year-old."

"Mr. Andrews will take the horse and see what can be done," Delilah interposed.

"I kinder know the game, Mrs. Owen, but I ain't no miracle worker. This is just why I wanted you to come out; the funeral's yours; what you say goes."

"Mr. Andrews will take the horse and see what can be done," Delilah declared.

"Gerry whisked from her chair and laid her warm cherry lips against the olive cheek of Delilah, saying, "Dear, be 50 to 1, and he'd carry nine pounds less as a three-year-old."

"Stewart's a good picker, old, and have ten pounds allowance as a maiden—he'd have only 105 lbs. on his back. Sweep Up never won a race, and Caven asserted."

Owen should have felt it is a maiden."

He elated—should have, but "By gad!" Owen sprang from his chair and paced up and down the room. "Gee, what a play! But if they thing he could not interpret."

"Just's you say, Mrs. Owen," Andrews confirmed, "Owen—how far'll he go?"

He turned to Caven: "You send the colt in to my barn at the Grapewine Course soon's you are a sport—isn't she, Tom?"

"Well, that simplifies it, Stewart. Andrews will be innocent, he won't know; he'll never suspect. I don't care what that killing there was in sight, he'd never squawk, because they couldn't do anything to him; he'd simply claim that he thought he got the horse he saw out here. If it came to a show down, and I couldn't get out of it, all they could do is rule me off, and I should worry about getting ruled off—I'm not on. If we get the Midas we can give them all the merry ha-ha. There'll be just two men know you can."

"I'll send him in," Caven promised. "You've got about three weeks before the Fall Meet, and Sweep Up is in good condition. He's entered in the Boundary Stakes, and that's three thousand."

"Hub—the Boundary Stakes?" and Andrews executed the pondering act of caressing his long beard. "That kinder makes a difference. I got a couple of hawses in that stakes, an' your hawse would be coupled in the bettin' with 'em if he was trained by me. You wouldn't get as long odds."

A RUSH fell over the group at this seemingly unsurmountable obstacle.

"I guess," the patriarch drawled, "I might kinder fix that. Hank Armour handles a hawse, Yellow Tail, that I'm sorta interested in, an' I guess I could nominally have Sweep Up trained by Hank; his stalls is jus' now mine."

"But you would look after Sweep Up, Mr. Andrews—you'd really train him, wouldn't you?" Caven asked.

"Hank's kinder a lazy feller an' he wouldn't kick none if he got the honor of trainin' sev'nral hawses, an' wasn't asked to work too much. I guess it wouldn't make no difference to the colt, Hank's name bein' tacked on to the programmes an' entry sheets. If I'm goin' to try an' make good with this hawse for Mrs. Owen, I'll look after him myself."

"Now, Stewart," Caven continued, "that being settled, I wish you'd come up to my room and I'll show you the gold ore that Billy Cliff brought down from the Midas."

Owen opened his mouth to say "I've seen it a dozen times," but Caven's right eye, blanked by the lid, checked him. "Right-o, Tom. We won't be five minutes," he said, what about Delilah?"

"Keep her out of it, Stewart. If it did fall down—which it won't—wouldn't it be better that she could swear she didn't know anything about it. I'll take care that Gerry doesn't tell you, Delilah."

"Ob, don't hurry; it's delightful here. Gerry and I will go out to the cherry orchard."

Mentally vowing that it was the last time for Delilah at The Abbey, Owen followed Caven up to the room.

"Sit down," Caven said indicating a chair, "we've got to talk fast. Only for Mrs. Owen, Stewart, that old salamander would've turned us down cold. I guess she took a turn."

"I guess you're right, Tom. But I'll tell you, Delilah can read your mind when you're asleep. But you're know."

"Say, Tom, you don't know Delilah; I promised her a trip to Paris if we wen out on the Midas. Seal. That got right. Let me think it over for a minute."

"Yes, the Midas. But to get that, Stewart, we've got to set quick; we've got to tie Armstrong up with a purchase or an option, because if there's a leak about that rich gold vein if I win one throw out of ten I'm satisfied."

"In the fast place, Mrs. Owen," he said, "the clock is agin' him; he run the half-mile, with a light weight on his back, in 52 seconds, an' he was all out, cause the boy didn't spare the flail none."

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"Mr. Andrews," Delilah interposed. "Stewart and Caven think it would mean a fortune over the Midas mine if they could win enough on Sweep Up to buy it; wouldn't it be worth while your taking the horse to give him a fair trial? I'm willing to pay all the expenses; and you're so efficient."

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# What Does Radical Labor Want?

By JAMES S. WOODSWORTH, M.P.

"The Native-born Canadian is the Greatest Foe to Development of Trade-unionism in This Country."

THREE main groups are emerging in Canadian public life: the business professional group that has so largely dominated the thought and policies of the country; secondly, the Farmer group, which has long occupied an important place in the life of the country but which has only recently come into prominence with its own distinctive consciousness and ideals; and, thirdly, the labor group. It is highly desirable in the public interest that these three groups should at least come to understand one another's viewpoint.

In Canada the group that is least understood is probably that of labor. Labor is the last to arrive. It is composed to a very large extent of Old Country men with a background very different from that of the native business man or farmer. Further, this group may be said to speak a different language and to have its own standards and ideals. I might almost go so far as to say that it is developing its own code of ethics and its own type of religion.

Some of my Eastern friends might wonder if I am qualified to speak for labor. They have known me in the past as a student, or one interested in social service; but in more recent years I have had unbounded opportunities of coming into somewhat close contact with labor, especially in Western Canada. I have worked in the ranks, taken my share in the conflict, like my comrades been discriminated against, and looked at Society from behind prison bars.

For some years perhaps I could obtain only a rather outside view. Living in a social settlement in North Winnipeg, in the midst of a heterogeneous immigrant population, I had many opportunities of studying the problems of the working classes at close hand. Constantly I was driven to look below the superficial evils in the effort to discover more radical causes. Some four years ago, however, owing to a series of fortunate circumstances, I was plunged into the heart of the labor movement.

For nearly a year I worked as a longshoreman on the water-front in Vancouver. This was not a mere adventure but the result of the necessity of earning a livelihood. On account of my unconventional views, I had resigned from the Methodist Ministry and been "let out" of my position as Director of the Bureau of Social Research for the Governments of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The first difficulty was to secure admission to the Union. For weeks I had to stand outside on the steps of the Longshoreman's Hall, awaiting the chance of a casual job. Here one began to realize in all its nakedness and ugliness the workings of the competitive system. A hundred men stand eagerly awaiting a job. The business agent comes out and calls for ten. The other ninety, disappointed, must wait perhaps days before their chance comes. It is hard to be one of the unfortunate. For anyone who is at all sensitive to human needs it is perhaps even harder to be chosen, knowing that your good fortune means another's loss. One day my mate turned away disappointedly, almost with tears in his eyes, and said bitterly: "I would not mind so much if it were not for the kids."

In due time I was admitted as a probationer. Then came the first practical knowledge of the value of belonging to a Union. I remember one day when piling heavy rice sacks, being almost exhausted, when the business agent came along and it was discovered that under the schedule we had a right to two more men in the gang than the foreman had allowed. Our agent insisted on the two men being added. What a relief to our weary backs and over-strung nerves!

Had the foreman refused, our gang would have quit work so would all the gangs on that dock and on the entire water-front. Only the helpless individual workman understands the absolute necessity for the backing of a strong Union.



JAMES WOODSWORTH, M.P.

players reaping the dividends. We read in the papers of the huge profits made during war times by some of the employers, and bitterly compare this with the meagre sums which barely suffice to keep our own families at the low standard of living. Thus rebels are made.

In the spring of 1919, while on a lecture tour, I arrived

in Winnipeg in the middle of the great general strike and was fortunate enough to witness and have some part in one of the greatest industrial struggles that have taken place on this continent. Easterners have been told the most fantastic stories as to what actually occurred and what lay behind the strike. From an inside knowledge I can assure them that there was not the slightest attempt at political revolution.

Perhaps partly owing to the post-war psychology, and very largely to the ignorance of the general public as to the aims of labor, the authorities became hysterical, their action leading to most regrettable results. The fact was that an ordinary industrial dispute had received an altogether unheard-of support from the whole labor movement of the city, and a small strike committee threatened to control the entire life of the city. If this committee could be called a Soviet at the labor temple, another Soviet was set up at the Board of Trade where the employers organized the Citizens' Committee and challenged the power of the labor group. In the midst of this novel situation the city, provincial and federal authorities remained for weeks inactive. Then, when the federal authorities did interfere, it was with a club.

In swift succession came the amendment to the Immigra-

tion Act, by which British subjects born outside of Canada and un-naturalized aliens were deprived of the right to a trial by jury; the invasion of provincial jurisdiction by the appointment of a deputy minister of justice; the employment of the mounted police to search homes; the spectacular arrest of well-known citizens, and the shooting of men on the streets.

When our British liberties were being torn to shreds, and the Editor of the Workers' paper had been arrested, I found myself drawn into the scrap. I, too, was arrested, on the charge of sedition libel, one of the counts against me being that I did "sedulously quote a passage from the Book of Isaiah." The trials have now become famous — I might almost say infamous. Never in Canada was there such a perversion of justice. Three of the convicted men were elected to the provincial legislature while in jail.

In connection with the defence, I had opportunities of meeting labor groups from Montreal to Prince Rupert. In this way I have been able to learn something of the real aspirations of labor. A few weeks ago almost eight thousand electors of Center Winnipeg asked me to represent their case in the House at Ottawa. For this reason, perhaps, I may claim to know what at least one section of labor wants.

It must be confessed that a great number of labor people want but little, indeed. For so long they have been, as it were, "hewers of wood and drawers of water" that they are satisfied to drag along with little thought as to any better condition.

Further, labor's demands are as yet only half articulate. Even in England it is only within recent years that the exponents of labor policies have been able to formulate the emerging desires of labor. Other classes have been able to command a trained leadership. Labor's leaders have again and again been drawn off to serve other interests.

We need to-day in the labor movement, above all else, not leaders but rather men who can voice the aspirations of labor and interpret labor to the general public.

The older labor organizations confined themselves largely to the matter of wages and hours and conditions of work. The labor man demands first of all a wage that will secure him a decent living. We hear much of high wages, but outside a few organized groups the majority of labor people are still below the standards, even as recognized by our governmental departments. In computing wages the ordinary business man multiplies the amount of wages per hour, by the working hours of the day, and that by the working days of the year. This gives an altogether erroneous idea of the situation. In Western Canada, at least, very few laborers work more than eight months in the year. There is much lost time.

Recently, at Drumheller, the miners told me that they had been working for the last thirteen months only one and two days in the week. One man had kept track of his time and had worked for only seventy-two days during the year 1920. Supposing he did get the high wage of \$12 a day, how could he support a family?

Again, we must remember that real wages are very different from nominal wages. Inflated values have borne very heavily on the labor people. Wages did not rise as fast or so far as the cost of living. Now deflation is demanded and we are told that wages must be cut. But why should wages be the first to start down hill?

Statistics will show that the real wages of labor men on this continent are not so high as they were in pre-war days.

Critics of labor frequently depict the raised standards of living. It is true that on the whole the standards have been rising during the past hundred years; the American standards are higher than those of Europe. And why not? Surely the whole world is based on the idea of the development of a higher type of citizenship. Why teach our children literature unless we give them the opportunity of enjoying it? Why teach them music if it becomes a crime for a labor man to dream of having a piano in his home? As a matter of fact, outside a few highly paid trades the majority of labor people have at present a difficult time making both ends meet. In the recent municipal elections in British Columbia it was found very difficult to

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# JIMMY AND THE SPEED TEST

By EDGAR WALLACE

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

lent died at 11:45," or whatever the hour might have been.

"Don't any of your patients get well?" asked Jimmy as she snapped the band round her note-book.

"Just a few, Jimmy," said Phillips. "Don't forget, I am only called in at the very end in lots of cases. I think some of them expect me to bring my trumpet, under the impression that I am the Archangel Gabriel."

"A rotten life," said Jimmy thoughtfully. "I'd sooner stenographer."

The doctor looked at his watch.

"I must hurry. I've got to go to Greenwich," he said.

NEVERTHELESS, and in spite of his hurry, he sat down again at his desk and lit a cigarette, offering one to Jimmy who shared a common match.

"Jimmy, do you think that a young man with brilliant prospects, but no money, should marry a very nice girl and start lifting a family on that?" He snapped his fingers to indicate a microscopic income.

"It all depends upon the prospects," said Jimmy cautiously. "If it's only a prospect of raising a large family, I should say no."

"And I said no, too," said the specialist with a sigh. He was a youngish man, remembering the position he occupied in the medical world, and that he could still sigh over the follies of his fellow-men was wholesome tribute to his youth.

"He is a pal of mine. We were at university together," he said.

Jimmy guessed that the unknown he was the patient of Greenwich. Dr. John was looking at the ceiling thoughtfully.

"I was talking to him about you yesterday."

"About me?" said Jimmy in surprise.

"About you. I don't think he has a great deal of money—in fact I know he hasn't," said Phillips frankly, "and it's hard luck that at a time when he's really a sick man—he's had a bad nervous breakdown—he should have had a real good offer from one of the technical journals for a series of articles."

He paused and blew a ring of smoke to the rafters.

"Jimmy, I know your fees, and they are beautifully exorbitant. God bless you for keeping the specialist beyond the reach of common people. But if he asks you to go down, and I think he could dictate these articles—he certainly could not write them—I wish you would charge him a sum which is not ridiculously low, but which is not your ordinary rate. One minute," he said, as she was going to speak, "I want you to put the rest of your fee on my bill."

"I'll do nothing of the kind, doctor," said Jimmy quietly. "I'd do this job for nothing, but I suppose he wouldn't like that. Anyway I'll do it at a normal typist's fee, and as to putting the rest of the charge on your account, that's ridiculous, unless you send me a bill for doctoring my throat last spring and for giving me several helpful pieces of advice about my heart, lungs and important blood vessels."

He laughed as he rose.

"I must go, Jimmy. I'll let you know about Fennell."

That morning Jane Ida Meagh was the victim of a



Mr. Henry B. Obbins sits in a gaily-decorated booth, surrounded by a large crowd of admiring stenographers, and demonstrates the staggering qualities of the Rat-a-plan.

trick. She had been engaged by a firm of manufacturer's agents to copy a long document dealing with the cork harvest of Spain. She had to do the work at the agent's office and it was urged upon her that it was vital, was indeed a matter of life and death that she should get to the last word of that report in the briefest possible space of time.

It was a brand new typewriter, of a brand new make to which she sat. The keyboard was, of course, universal and most of the gadgets were of a type with which she was unfamiliar, though their manipulation was very early learned.

She had fixed the tension to her liking and then—the machine grew eloquent under her lightning fingers.

"There's your report," she said, and observed that the agent had a stop watch in his hand.

"Five thousand words in forty-two minutes, 15.2 seconds," he said breathlessly but exactly.

"I daresay," said Jimmy. "Shall I send you a bill or are you one of those never-own-nobody people?"

The agent, for this occasion, was of the latter variety. Jimmy collected her cheque and left and there the incident appeared to have closed. She did not even ask herself why a report on the U.S. Consul at Cadiz dated 1916 should have been so urgently required.

BUT the next day she passed a long store and in the window was a typewriter. And beneath the typewriter was a large sign:

THE PLATEN TYPE-WRITER  
On Which  
MISS JANE IDA MEAGH

(the world's champion stenographer) wrote 5,347 words in 42. mins. 15.2 secs.

A Record For The Earth  
Come Inside and Look at this New Marvel

Engineering Science.

"THE MACHINE WITH A MIND."

"God bless my soul!" said Jimmy and, despite this pious invocation, went red with wrath.

She swept into the store and went straight to the manager's private office—she knew the way blindfolded to most of the private offices in town.

"Take my name out of your window, Mr. Salter," she said peremptorily.

"But, my dear girl—"

"Take it out or I'll sue you for libel," she said. "Any-way it is a lie. I took an hour and a quarter to do the work, on the worst brand of machine that I've ever handled. And what's more, I shall make an affidavit to that effect."

"It's a good machine," he protested, "there are only three in existence—they're show samples and—"

"Three too many!" snapped Jimmy. "They're show and found wanting."

"Mr. Brown said—"

"If Brown is the nom-de-guerre of the Armenian who engaged me to copy the cork serial," said Jimmy, "you can spare my young ears the repetition of his invention. Now, do you take out that placard or do I call up the press boys and tell them all my troubles?"

"I'll take it out," growled Mr. Salter. "I must say you're not very considerate. I gave you a lot of work last summer—"

"You can give it to somebody else next summer," said Jimmy promptly. "Maybe she'll do it on 'The Platen.' It's a darned good machine for two finger typists. Try 'em with 'Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party!'"

She fired this invitation as she left him and there was a sting in it which only a real typist will understand. Mr. Salter was not a real typist and it sounded sheer unadulterated cheek to him.

The placard was removed and there the matter would have ended, for Jimmy was discretion itself and she was in no mood to advertise the trick that had been played upon her. What annoyed her most was that the machine was really good and a distinct improvement on any she had ever used.

Unfortunately, Mr. Salter was not so discreet. And the news came to a wandering reporter, and the reporter, who was a clever young reporter, wrote a most amusing story that covered the Platen Typewriter Company, without mentioning its title, with shame and ignominy, so that in every business office where girls groped for keys and dreamt dreams of making Jane Ida Meagh look like a pickled walnut, the Platen Typewriter became synonymous with foolishness. The publicity had the effect of spurring Mr. Henry Obbings to a further challenge, to which Jimmy, as stung to a reply—

"Dear Sirs—You ask me whether I will make an exhibition of myself and urge as a reason, the fact that I intend making an exhibition of myself. The only inducement I can see for me so far forgetting myself, is the paragraph in which you tell me that I should work at one end of the building and you at the other. The knowledge that we were as far apart as possible would be an inducement, were it not for the fact that the certainty that I was

to the kitchen to examine the little thermostat which regulated the heat of the oven, and to compare the watch which lay open on the dresser, with a note of the minute and the second that her work had gone to a warmer climate, written in pencil on the edge of the cookery book.

She opened the oven and with a cloth drew out the steel plate on which four beautiful confections lay and the fragrance of them was as incense to her nostrils.

She looked at her work, then opened the cookery book and examined the colored plates, on which was a life-like representation of the biscuits she was baking. They were exact! If anything her creations were an improvement upon the book. She bore them to her room and on her face was a look of holy exaltation. Each one she wrapped in white tissue and packed them into a small box and put the box into her attaché case.

SHE arrived in Greenwich in the afternoon. The Fennell's house was a small one and poorly furnished, she saw at a glance.

"A girl met her at the door, a smiling bright-eyed girl who had laughed at poverty so long that it had become a habit.

"You're Miss Meagh, aren't you?" she said shaking hands. "It is very good of you to come so far."

Jimmy, who was somewhat at sea on occasions like this, smiled and was glad to get an awkward situation over. She found her client lying on a sofa in a somewhat bare parlor. He was a man of thirty and he looked terribly ill. Jimmy thought.

A low table near by was piled high with books, newspaper cuttings and blue-covered reports.

"My husband has been ill," explained Mrs. Fennell. "But he's much better now, aren't you, Frank?"

"Oh quite. I'm just loafing now," said the man with a grin. "I think I can dictate the best part of the article this afternoon, Miss Meagh."

"Fire away," said Jimmy and produced her book.

Fennell's estimate of his strength had erred on the optimistic side. After three-quarters of an hour of dictation he was exhausted.

"I'm sorry," he said ruefully. "I thought I was stronger."

"Don't worry," said Jimmy. "You've dictated quite a lot. Anyway, I can come down to-morrow afternoon."

"It's a long way out of town," he said doubtfully.

"Rubbish!" said Jimmy and that settled the matter.

They pressed her to stay to tea, and she needed very little pressing. She had not had the opportunity she had sought, and as tea was to be served in the drawing-room she thought that this was a chance not to be missed. In the interval of waiting she was introduced to the Fennell baby and, as usual, when babies swam into her ken, she became incoherent and foolish.

Yes, Mr. Obbings used the words "vaunted speed."

"Perhaps she'll enter at the last minute?" suggested the friend.

"I'm afraid not," Mr. Obbings shook his head, with the sad smile of a tiger deprived of a meal.

A few days later Jimmy was rang up on the phone. It was Dr. Phillips.

"Can you go down there to-day, Jimmy?" he asked. "Fennell thinks he could dictate the article and he has got together most of the data."

"I'm free this afternoon," said Jimmy. "In fact, I am free all day after I have seen the Banking Trust people."

"I'll wire you're coming then. Be there at half past two," said the doctor and gave her the address.

That morning Jimmy had a great idea. It came to her between the office of the banking octopus and her own flat. Here was an invalid. She did not know much about invalids except that they lay in bed and refused delicate food. Sometimes they nibbled at a grape or swallowed a mouthful of chocolate, but now and again by a miracle they could be tempted to negotiate some particularly appetising dish, whereafter they put on weight and recovered with the greatest rapidity.

That morning, Jimmy stood in her private kitchen, her sleeves rolled up, a cookery book propped against a milk bottle and the light of battle in her eye.

No man or woman knew her ghastly secret. Even Mr. Obbings in his wildest moments never dreamt that her vice was the mangling and cremation of flour and fruit. Her lips moved as she followed the directions in the book.

"Take of flour, two spoonfuls . . . and of fresh butter . . . put in a dry warm place . . . bake in a slow oven . . ."

She drew a long sigh and switched on her electric oven. She ate a hurried lunch, dashing backward and forward

*Continued on page 55*



"There's your report," she said, and observed that the agent had a stop watch in his hand.

under the same roof as yourself would make me sick.

"Yours sincerely,  
J. I. MEAGH."

IT WAS a very rude letter, such a letter as, Mr. Obbings explained to his friends, no lady would write. Possibly he was justified.

"The truth is," said Mr. Obbings, ". . . no, Percy, I won't show you the letter, it's too disgraceful for words—the fact is she knows jolly well I could lick the stuffing out of her in spite of her vaunted speed."

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# DON'T BE A DINOSAUR!

By J. L. RUTLEDGE

A FEW years ago a wave of prohibition swept over this continent. At that time certain lugubrious individuals, in giving point to their pain and anger, painted mournful pictures of the young men of the race bereft of the kindly shadow of the bar room, being forced out into the streets only to find their way eventually to the poolroom and the questionable dance hall.

Looking back on these fearful pictures we are at a loss to find their counterpart in life. There is no clattering up of street corners with young men, even the pool rooms are only comfortably crowded, and most frequently by those who, in some mysterious way, live like the lilies of the field. The dance halls whose very name a few years ago was anathema to God-fearing folk have virtually ceased to exist, and in their place have come attractive places, models of propriety in every sense. Yet, hard as it may be to believe, the young man is not there.

There are some young men, of course, but if you take the trouble to glance over any assembly of the sort, the fact that will probably strike you is that the dancers are older than they used to be. The young man, the man between eighteen and twenty-five years of age, has given place to the man of forty-five. The young man is not in the saloon or the dance hall or the pool rooms, so much is certain. Trailing him to his lair by the use of the cold hard logic that says, "if he is not in these places then he must be somewhere else," we eventually discover him bowed studiously over a desk or at a night school, or in his own room at home poring over a volume dealing with advanced business practice. It is a fact, surprising as it may appear. The upstanding young man of to-day knows more of finance than frivolity, more of technology than of Terpsichore.

Education has not been thrust upon him; it has been sold to him. There looks out at you from the pages of almost any magazine you may pick up the face of that purposeful chap so manifestly at grips with any dragon that stands in the way of his success. Pointing fingers demand of you, "Are you a Business Coward?" Inquisitive individuals ask from the printed page, "What are you doing with your Spare Time?" Optimistic gentlemen with all the assurance of inch type, assert: "You Can Double Your Salary"—"You Should be earning \$10,000." Enquiring souls would know, "Why you should Wait 20 years to be President?" And the young men have read and considered, and are diligently thinking themselves into the part of the masterful grey-beard who sits at the head of the directors' table, just as a few years ago they were thinking themselves into a khaki coat and a breast adorned with ribbons.

More than that, most of the articles and books that he reads tend to the same end. The swashbuckling hero of the Zenda period has given place to the super-man of business. The young man of to-day reacts to the talk of large figures. He thinks of a million now as easily as the young man of a few years previous thought of two bits. He is being schooled in the "success" brand of literature. He reads success and brain power pamphlets and the books and magazines that deal in the office-boy-to-president type of literature. All the thought of the age, and all its material necessities, force him inexorably to one mode of thinking. Efficiency is the by-word of the age.

And here let us introduce a new thought. The war years were tragic years for the "flapper." Gaiety, attention, the idolatry and admiration of callow youth were her right, as they had been the right of her sisters before her since the time of Eve. But her natural companions were learning stern lessons in the sanguinary mud of Flanders, lessons of self-discipline that the passing of the war years have scarcely eradicated. They have passed the period of juvenile philandering and, being wise beyond their years, they realize that anything more serious is beyond them. The young man eating at the corner restaurant realizes that the upkeep of one "flapper" is heavy, and that despite the optimism of that cheerful prevaricator who held that two could live as cheaply as one, he realizes that the upkeep costs of married life are apt to be beyond his modest earnings. The bridegrooms of to-day require more ageing than those of a decade past. The young men of

The Writing on the Wall

THERE is no suggestion that we are developing an intellectual Colossus. Deep down within him the young man of to-day agrees with the mass of people that night was ordained for sleep and the movies. He can still shake as agile a toe as his father. He is no wiser than his brother of former years, but he is living in a new age. Years ago the duck-billed dinosaur and the brontosaurus, faced by a change in climate, turned up their mighty toes, and passed into history, and the young man of to-day senses the age-old law of the survival of the fittest. He may not put it in these terms, but he knows new conditions make new demands, he is wise enough to appreciate some men get jobs while others don't, and he evolves from these simple phenomena a judgment on life. It is not so much a nobility and strength of character that we are ascribing to him. It is merely that he does not want to be a Dinosaur. If you can ascribe any active characteristic to this peculiar tendency of thought, it is merely the more or less unthinking effort to avoid this fate.

Ten years ago the night school was given over to ambitious newsmen, to Angelo and Demetrios, eager to secure enough arithmetic to compete successfully against a cold world for the price of a banana or a shoe shine. Perhaps here and there an embarrassed and ambitious individual studied stenography with the idea that some day he might be a newspaper reporter. But no one was missing from the fashionable dance. Every bank clerk, every accountant was safely cared for by some social engagement. The night school belonged to the very poorest of the proletariat. No one seemed to expect more

this year will not be in the marriage market for some years hence. Old friend Cost of Living, must be bearded in his den before "The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden" can be appropriately wafted from the organ. Thus, is the orderly two-by-two Noah's Ark system being put at a disadvantage.

*The Young Man's Fancy*

BUT why continue further in this vein? It is obvious that every thing, whether life itself, the printed page, or the social usages, are all preaching the same stern doctrine. Every factor is impressing on the young man, and indeed on the middle-aged, the imperative necessity of doing something to create a demand for their services in the business market. With these sharpened senses, it is not hard for the young man to realize that it would be of value to him to be able to remember Mr. Smith, of Seattle, and his lumber deal, or whatever it was that the omnipresent Mr. Smith was dealing in. He would delight to say—"If I remember correctly, and I do remember correctly"—He can picture himself into the part of the young man answering promptly the questions put to him by the boss,

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of it. It stood somewhere below the common school, its duty to provide sufficient of the practicalities of the three R's for those who saw no need for education. That was its purpose ten years ago. To-day these same schools and the correspondence school, which is more a modern development of the same idea, are giving a highly specialized training to supplement the day to day experience of the commercial world and to superimpose the element of practicality on a B. A. degree.

From the banks there comes a steady stream of men, one city in Canada alone accounting for thousand students. The insurance offices are erupting night-schoolward. The young man is leaving the lathe, and the counting house stool, dragging his weary feet from behind the counter or from under the draughting table, to turn them toward the night school, or toward his own third-floor-back bed-room, where, with a green shade over his eyes, he wrestles with the problems that are not so much the problems of his present day, but the problems of his probable future.

*What Started All This*

THERE are many factors that have helped to bring about this situation, and first of these was perhaps the war. Because the war upset our orderly habits, created new social and economic conditions, indeed created a new world. It took the young men out of schools and colleges, from the junior benches of banks and mercantile institutions, and sent them into officers' training camps where they sweated as they had never done before to get the necessary information that was to be the "Open Sesame" to the great adventure. There is the fact, too, that the war gave to these young men a sense of daring and adventure, and the desire to prove themselves

# The Immigrants Canada Wants

**By SIR CLIFFORD SIFTON, K.C.M.G.**  
Former Minister of the Interior

IT IS A consoling thought, sanctified by long usage, that if everything is not satisfactory with regard to Immigration it can always be blamed on the government or the tariff. The fact remains, however, that a country can only get the kind of immigrants which are suitable to it and can only hold and assimilate them if they have been wisely chosen.

There has been a considerable amount of criticism in the last year or two over the statement alleged to be founded upon the census returns that we have lost 1,800,000 people in the last ten years. That is to say that our population is not so great by 1,800,000 as it would have been had we retained all our immigration and the natural increase of the population. A Conservative government has been roundly blamed; the tariff has been blamed, and where these excuses fail there are a great many others that are cited as to reasons for this alleged loss. As a matter of fact, nothing is to blame except, first, that this is a cold and severe country and, second, that the right kind of people were not brought. I do not think that the government or the tariff had anything whatever to do with it.

I doubt if there were as many lost as 1,800,000, but no doubt there were a great many lost. I think they would have been lost just the same if the tariff had been twenty per cent. less or if there had been a Liberal government in power, or a Farmers' government in power. There is always a drift to the south. The climate is warmer and the conditions are easier. Young men go there to better their condition in business, and for adventure and other reasons; old people go because they want a milder climate. Sick people go because they cannot stand the Canadian winter. French-Canadians go to work in the factories of New England. But, apart from all these, we have the case of the man who has not the grit to fight out the battle of life in Canada and goes South because the conditions are easier. When a thousand immigrants land in Canada, if they are not very carefully selected, a certain proportion of them will drift to the South. It is not worth while bemoaning this fact. They are no loss to us. We are better off without them. If they had been here it would have been necessary to feed them, as it has been necessary to feed a good many of the same sort who remained here.

#### Need to Understand Conditions

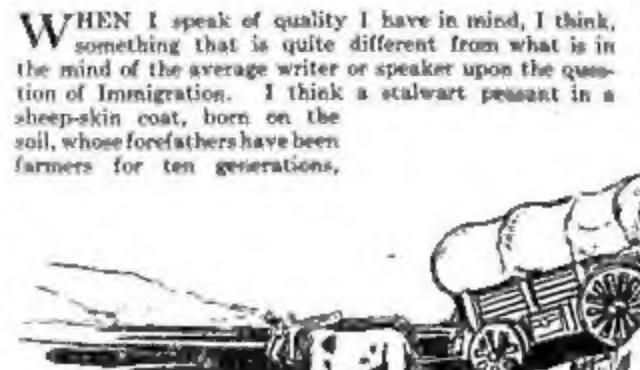
THE subject of Immigration is one which is most difficult to understand because it requires a wide range of experience that very few men have the opportunity of acquiring. Before one can know anything about the question of Immigration he must be able to correlate it with the conditions prevailing in Canada. He must know, for instance, the conditions of life in four or five different provinces. This of itself requires rather extensive experience. It is necessary to know the kind of people who are living in the rural districts of these provinces and who have been most successful in that environment. Then, it is necessary to understand the national characteristics of the people whom it is sought to attract, and more especially of the particular classes out of the particular nationalities that it is sought to attract. It takes a number of years for one to acquire even a cursory knowledge of the subject. I spent the earlier years of my life in pretty close touch with western farmers. Later on I was called upon to take charge of the work of Immigration at Ottawa. While I had many other duties I regarded my most important mission as connected with Immigration.

#### What Past Experience Shows

IN ORDER to understand the problem, or even its general outline, it is necessary to have a view of what has been done in the past, because the result of the efforts that have been made in the past is the only safe criterion in judging the present and the future. Therefore, not with any desire of reviving dead issues or threshing over old straw, it becomes necessary to speak of the past.

People who do not know anything at all about the policy which was followed by the department of the Interior under my direction quite commonly make the statement that my policy for Immigration was quantity and not quality. As a matter of fact that statement is the direct opposite of the fact. In those days settlers were sought from three sources; one was the United States. The American settlers did not need sifting; they were of the finest quality and the most desirable settlers. In Great Britain we confined our efforts very largely to the North of England and Scotland, and for the purpose of sifting the settlers we doubled the bonuses to the agents in the North of England, and cut them down as much as possible in the

soil, whose forefathers have been farmers for ten generations.



#### The Quality Standard

WHEN I speak of quality I have in mind, I think, something that is quite different from what is in the mind of the average writer or speaker upon the question of Immigration. I think a stalwart peasant in a sheep-skin coat, born on the soil, whose forefathers have been farmers for ten generations,

with a stout wife and a half-dozen children, is good quality. A Trades Union artisan who will not work more than eight hours a day and will not work that long if he can help it, will not work on a farm at all and has to be fed by the public when work is slack is, in my judgment, quantity and very bad quality. I am indifferent as to whether or not he is British born. It matters not what his nationality is; such men are not wanted in Canada, and the more of them we get the more trouble we shall have.

For some years after the changes in policy which followed my retirement from office, Canada received wholesale arrivals of all kinds of immigrants. As above stated, there was no selection. Particularly from the continent it is quite clear that we received a considerable portion of the off-scourings and dregs of society. They formed colonies in Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and other places and some of them and their children have been furnishing work for the police ever since.

The situation at Hamburg is practically the same now as it was then, except that there is a larger proportion of ne'er-do-wells and scoundrels who desire to get away from Europe. The peasants can be brought there and they wish to emigrate, but it is imperative that an effective method be adopted for making a selection. We want the peasants and agriculturists; we do not want the wasters and criminals.

#### The Unchanged Problem

IT IS said that the problem of Immigration is not at all the same as it was when I started to work in 1897. In my judgment the problem is just the same. If I did not think so I would not have made those references to the past. There were some difficulties which existed in 1897 which do not exist now. Conversely, there are some difficulties now which did not exist then. The problems are the same; the conditions it is true are somewhat changed, but it is no more difficult to adapt the work to the existing conditions now than it was in 1897.

The main trouble encountered in those days was the fact that nobody knew anything about Canada. Reference, of course, is not made to educated and travelled people. They knew a little about Canada but they did not know anything about the life of the pioneer, and so far as actual conditions of pioneer life were concerned the class of people from whom it was necessary to draw immigrants knew nothing whatever about Canada.

We made an arrangement with the booking agencies in Hamburg, under which they winnowed out this flood of people, picked out the agriculturists and peasants and sent them to Canada, sending nobody else. We paid, I think, \$5 per head for the farmer and \$2 per head for the other members of the family.

This arrangement was carried out through the agents of a Company known as the North Atlantic Trading Company which was merely a company incorporated by the agents and employees of the booking houses. The steamship companies did not like this arrangement. The Canadian steamship agents did not like it. The result of the arrangement was that they lost a lot of business because immigration which was not useful to us was sent to other countries in very large volume. Eventually a political agitation was begun against the North Atlantic Trading Company and the government finally cancelled the contract and abandoned my policy. The policy was completely and perfectly successful while it lasted. There was not one-half of one per cent. of the people we got from Hamburg who were not actual agriculturists. Almost without exception they went on farms and practically without exception they are on their farms yet, if they are alive. If not, their children are there.

About the same time that this contract was cancelled the government also altered my policy with respect to the distinction between the North of England and Scotland, on the one hand, and the South of England on the other. They equalized the bonus all over. The result of these two changes was to let loose the flood of emigration without any selection whatever. The number was much greater and the quality was infinitely worse. I made an investigation a few years afterwards in regard to the immigration into Alberta; and my conclusion was that not one in five of the people who went to Alberta was going on the land.

**T**HREE IN TALK, ALSO, ABOUT getting a large number of people from the manufacturing towns of England and Scotland. We do not want mechanics from the Clyde—riotous, turbulent, and with an insatiable appetite for whiskey. We do not want artisans from the southern towns of England who know absolutely nothing

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# —THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED

**By BEN AMES WILLIAMS**  
ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

gloom that had given it an evil reputation in the neighborhood.

In most communities there is some one house about which stories linger. It was so with the Walden farm in Hamilton. It was one of those spots upon which God seems to keep a watchful eye; one of those places where at times you may almost see His finger stirring in the affairs of men. At the least excuse, the place would have been called haunted. There were many little matters that gave it this repute, that made men say it was under the hand of God; but two circumstances were particularly striking.

The first had to do with old Enoch Walden's only son, Jim Walden, was his name. A cruel man. He had married him a wife and brought the girl home to dwell in the house among the cedars. This wife bore him a son; and at times, when she had displeased him, it tickled his fancy to abuse the boy. On one such occasion, the child's mother, driven frantic by the baby's cries, cursed Jim Walden, cast and branch, and called on God to destroy him.

Her husband laughed at her—and went out to chop wood. He was an expert axeman; yet at his first stroke, his axe on the downward swing struck an overhanging branch of the cedar tree beside the woodpile and was so cunningly diverted that the blade entered his head above the ear and split his skull almost to the chin. And the story of his wife's curse went abroad....

Old Enoch Walden himself had furnished the other circumstance. Enoch had amassed more than his share of worldly goods, and vaunted himself upon this fact. His arrogance irked his neighbors. One day a man who owed him money came to beg delay in the day of payment, and Enoch would not yield to him. The man cried weakly: "I'd like to see you hard up once. You'd see what it was like, then."

And Enoch said, in the shrill, high voice that was his habit: "I'd like to see God Almighty get my money away from me."

Whether or no the Almighty had a hand in the matter, old Enoch died, some eight years later, in the county poor farm; and the Walden farm became a place the very name of which possessed an ugly fascination. Since Enoch's death, a dozen years before, ill luck had pursued those who dwelt in the house he had built; it had passed through five separate pairs of hands before it came at length into those of Joseph Winter, and new legends had grown up about it. Most people in Hamilton were ready to concede that God seemed to take a hand in the affairs of dwellers there. The house had acquired a personality. Men spoke of it with awe.

A STRANGER in a small town is always an object of curiosity; and when that stranger buys a farm and brings his family to live upon that farm, the curiosity is intensified. Even if this had not been true, Winter was a man to inspire questionings; those he met desired to solve the puzzle that lay behind his grief-worn eyes. And almost at once it became clear that there was a mystery in Winter.

He had registered at the hotel as from Toledo. Yet Mrs. Winter one day spoke casually of "Richmond, where we used to live." And the children, who came to town



Mary Winsor caught the look in his eyes; and she shook suddenly away from him, flushed scarlet, and began to pluck the wet folds of her skirt from her hands.

den house; buried himself there for a day or two before he drove away.

When he returned this time, it was with a woman and two children in the car. A boy perhaps fifteen years old; a girl a little younger. Dave Pool was the first man to see the woman face to face; he had stopped at the farm to deliver meat from his store. "Looks like a right nice woman," was his judgment.

"I showed him two-threes places," he explained, "and when he came to that, he liked it. That's all. You could see he was a farmer. Walked all around, crumpling up the dirt in his hands and smelling it and asking questions. Asked the price, and when I told him, said he'd questioned, confirmed this rumor.

"I showed him two-threes places," he explained, "and when he came to that, he liked it. That's all. You could see he was a farmer. Walked all around, crumpling up the dirt in his hands and smelling it and asking questions. Asked the price, and when I told him, said he'd

taken it. That's the whole business."

Mrs. Winsor asked Rip that evening: "Did you tell him about the place?"

Rip shook his head, something like guilt in his tone. "I don't know as it was my business to tell him unless he asked," he replied. "I sort of hated not to. I kind of liked the man. But he didn't ask, and it was my business to tell it if I could."

She was darnin socks; and: "What's he like, anyhow?" she asked, threading her needle afresh.

Rip was an inarticulate man. "Why, all right, I guess," he replied. "There's somethin funny about him, of course. Sort of a look in his face as though he'd had a hard time. Reminded me of the way old Dave Jones looked, after he'd been sick with that cancer for so long. Don't talk much about himself, either."

"Where's he from?" she asked; and her husband shook his head.

"I asked him," he admitted. "He said he'd been sort of moving around. Acted like he didn't want to tell anything about it."

His wife tossed her head. "Well, if I had a secret I was ashamed of, I wouldn't want to live in that old Walden house," she declared, and Rip nodded in sober assent.

"That's what they say," he agreed.

It was three weeks before Winter came to Hamilton again. Came first in a nondescript automobile, loaded with household goods; made himself at home in the Wal-

to school, said they had gone to school before in Salem, Illinois. Hamilton folk as a whole hesitated to question Mrs. Winter. She was a pleasant, comely woman with a countenance upon which some hidden trouble had laid its hand. When she smiled, she was beautiful; but when she was unsmiling, there was a sombre shadow in her eyes. She was cordial to those who came to see her, yet there was always a reserve in her bearing which forbade too open extolling.

Winter himself pleasantly evaded the indirect inquiries of his neighbors. No man questioned him directly—save one.

This questioner was Thacher Eades, one of those officious men whom you will find in every small town, and who take upon their own shoulders the moral welfare and the material concerns of their neighbors. Eades liked to think of himself as a pillar of righteousness; he was an elder of the church which Winter and his family from the first attended; and he was accustomed to pre-empt some of the social duties of the minister. Thus, encountering Winter on the street before Charlie Steele's store one day, he said to the man:

"We're mighty glad to have you in our congregation, Mr. Winter. It is pleasant to have a new companion in the worship of our Lord."

Winter hesitated for a moment before replying; and he eyed the other with some of that instinctive antagonism a stranger may arouse. "Why—that's nice of you, sir," he said guardedly.

There may have been a suggestion of the softened syllables of the South in his slow tones; because Eades remarked: "You speak like a southerner," and Winter nodded. "I guess I do," he agreed.

Eades had a smooth and oily tongue. "Then that was not your home?" he suggested.

"Why I've called a good many places 'home,'" Winter told him reluctantly.

A certain gleam came into the other's eye; yet still he clung to indirection. "We've been hoping you would present your letters and become an active member of the congregation," he said. "There is a glorious sense of unity in being one of a group of Christian men and women joined together for the worship of God. We should be glad to welcome you."

Winter shook his head. "I've always found I could go to church without a ticket," he replied. "Do you run things different, here?"

Eades was becoming angry. He was a man not used to being put off; he was, besides, a man inordinately curious. The mystery in Winter seemed to him an affront; and Winter's insistence on keeping his secret, an insult. He harshly demanded:

"Have you been a church member elsewhere?"

Winter flushed a little, slowly; yet always his tone was even and controlled. "This is getting to sound like you were cross-examining me, Mr. Eades," he said.

"I am an elder of the church," said Thacher Eades severely. "Our minister is still a young man. It is a part of my duty to hold up his hands, and to protect our congregation. Hamilton is a small town. We don't like riddles, and there's a riddle about you. No one knows where you come from, nor why; no one is even sure of your name."

"You know my name," Winter told him.

Eades lifted a stern hand. "Perhaps. The rest is mystery."

Winter looked down, studying the backs of his strong hands. Lifted his eyes at last and met those of the other man. "Yes," he said. "That's so. But most people, seeing I wanted to keep something to myself, have been nice enough to let me alone. Nobody's put it as straight as you. I guess nobody else felt they had any business to. I don't know why you think it is your concern. I don't aim to be mulish, Mr. Eades. But—where I've lived, and what I've done is my own affair. No need of anyone knowing. And I don't aim to tell."

Eades prosecuted his inquiry. From Richmond he got rumors and bits of gossip that made the man wet his lips with eagerness; and in the end he went in person to follow back the line. Followed it to a small town in central Indiana, and there learned all there was to know.

The story of an honest love, and of two tragic lives, and of the long sorrow of a woman and a man. A story fit to win from any man of lofty mind only respect and sympathy; yet it brought to Eades a mean triumph, an unholy exultation, and whetted in him an ugly, hankering curiosity.... He took his homeward way, fair bursting with the thing he had discovered; and sought the young minister of the church to drive with him to the old Walden farm.

He fell silent for a little, twisting his heavy hands together helplessly, his eyes fixed upon the floor between his knees. Spoke at last in a tone of wistful tenderness.

"I'd loved her before she married him; and I loved her after she left him. And after a while she came to love me. When we decided what to do, we did it honest as we knew how. There was nothing hidden about it. You've used a hard word or two; but I'm used to hard words. She's been my wife in spirit and in love for twenty years, and I her husband, before he died and let me go with her, and marry."

There can be no question that Eades was a leader in the town; a leader, even though it were by his own election. He spoke or presided at all public meetings; he had a

hand in all well-advertised good causes; he could be as violent as any man in denouncing wrong-doing when all the world agreed with him, and he could find as many palliations as any man for venial and unconsidered little sins. Had led the prohibition forces; was chairman of the local board that censored moving pictures; and when the Smoke House displayed in its windows certain picture post cards bearing the painted representations of impossible bathing girls, it was he who commanded the town mar-

The sky was unclouded, save in the northwest, where there were thunderheads upon the horizon. Farmers, casting wise eyes in that direction, predicted a shower. "A good thing, too," they said. "Twill clear the air."

Thacher Eades drove his little car into the country, and stopped it across the road from the Walden farmhouse, in the shelter of an old oak tree. He went up the avenue between the cedars afoot, and saw Winter's son in the yard, and asked the boy, in a stern voice, where his father was. At the sound, Winter himself came to the side door, spoke to Eades and asked him in.

Eades went into the house, his eyes flickering this way and that, and into the front room that was called a parlor and that was seldom used except upon such occasions as this one was. Joseph Winter followed him in silence, sat down upon a chair. "Mrs. Winter is not at home," he explained. "She's gone over to Will Brown's with May. I told Charlie to go tell her you were here."

Eades spoke solemnly. "You call her 'Mrs. Winter'?" he asked.

The other man looked at him, a quick alarm leaping into his eyes. "Yes."

"Winter," said the elder of the church. "I've come upon an unpleasant errand. You are found out. There is no longer any use in lying." His voice rose triumphantly. "You have lived in sin with that woman for twenty years."

Joseph Winter uttered a low sound that was like the murmur of a man anguished with pain; and his face became as white as snow; and his head drooped a little forward, so that it seemed for a moment he would catch it in his hands. But he said protestingly: "She is my wife."

"Married in February of this year," said Eades implacably; and he licked his lips a little. "Before that you lived in shame with her for twenty years."

There was a little silence, and upon Winter's face it was possible to watch the man's struggle, as he gathered himself and shaped what he would say. When he spoke at last, it was soberly, and almost with relief, as though he were glad to be free of an intolerable burden.

"Your words are hard," he said slowly. "I expect you think they are fair. If I were a hot-tempered man, I should—act hotly. But I have learned to be patient, and still, and to wait."

"I don't know how much you have been told, or why. Probably you know all there is to know. Probably you think you are right in damning me. I'm not sure that you are right though. I think you are wrong."

Eades cried: "Wrong! Thou shalt not commit adultery." Winter. You know that command."

WINTER shook his head, slowly to and fro. "She had married a man that was no account," he said, as though answering a question. "He was a lawyer, and a keen one. Shrewd. But they hadn't been married very long before he got enough of her. A bloodless man he was, and with an ugly streak in him. And she went away and left him. She had to do that. There was no living with that man."

There is probably no unanswerable question, no mystery that is insoluble; and in due time all secrets have a way of coming to light. There may be exceptions to the rule; but the riddle of Joseph Winter was not to prove one of these exceptions. It was, as a matter of fact, when Eades bent his energies to the task, a puzzle ridiculously easy to solve.

"He was her husband," said Eades.

"He was a snake," Winter replied evenly, and without any heat at all. "She left him. But he wouldn't let her get clear away. He was cold, and watched himself, and there was no way she could be rid of him. He was a lawyer, you understand, and knew the law, and took care to keep it.

"Maybe you don't believe in divorce. I guess I do. Her marrying this man; it was not her doing. It shouldn't ever have been done. It was one of those times when a girl lets her father and her mother overbear her. In the end she gave in to them; and she tried to be a wife to him.

"But she couldn't. Nobody could have stood what he put her through. The whole town thought she'd have to give it up, a year before she did; and when she did leave him everybody was glad."

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# Can We Bear Our Tax Burdens?

By JOHN A. STEVENSON

CARTOONS BY LOU SKUCE

hazarded in a recent address an unofficial estimate of our present wealth and our normal income. He placed the estimated material wealth at sixteen billion dollars and he capitalized at forty million dollars the value of the man power of the country. The annual income he placed at seven billion dollars, of which roughly one-third came from material resources and the remaining two thirds from personal services. The annual income of the United States, which has eleven and a half times our population, was estimated in 1920 at sixty-three billion dollars, so that we stand very well in comparison with our southerly neighbours. In his budget speech last year, Sir Henry Drayton declared that a sum of roughly \$435,000,000 must be raised by actual taxation if the expenditure was to be properly balanced. In the course of the first 11 months of the present fiscal year the treasury has obtained \$434,846,768, and it is probably safe to predict that our federal revenue will fall considerably short of the sum prescribed by Sir Henry. If the original expectations were to be realized the federal treasury would roughly take by its taxation \$80 per head, as the population of Canada at the present time, taking last year's census figures, is just over eight and three-quarter millions.

Federal taxation.....\$435,000,000

Provincial taxation.....90,000,000

Municipal taxation.....350,000,000

burdens. In 1919 the nine provincial governments raised among them revenues which totalled \$77,76,695 and in the present year their requirements are estimated at about ninety million dollars or a little more than \$10 per head of the population. The figures of ordinary municipal taxation are difficult to ascertain but a rough calculation is possible. The cities with a population in excess of 10,000, who in 1919 held almost exactly one-third of our total population, raised for their local revenues \$136,515,244, and in 1921, allowing for an increase of 10 per cent., which has been common, they would require \$150,000,000. Now taxation in the small towns, villages and rural districts is, generally speaking, on a lower scale than the cities, but the ratio might be taken at two-thirds. There would thus be raised from the population which lives outside the larger towns and cities, \$200,000,000. The rough annual total of taxation required to meet all current obligations can now be estimated:

Federal taxation.....\$435,000,000
Provincial taxation.....90,000,000
Municipal taxation.....350,000,000

This shows the taxation burdens of the country, all sources of impost being included, at \$100 per head, or taking five as the average family, \$500 per family. It finds confirmation from another source. A few weeks ago the Manitoba Free Press made an interesting estimate of the total tax bill of Manitoba which may be taken as an average province. It is predominantly an agricultural province, but the position of Winnipeg as the gateway of the West gives it a large urban element. The Free Press admitted some difficulties in the calculation, but subject to minor errors worked out the total tax bill of the people of Manitoba at \$57,190,000.

\$2,500 Debt per Family

THE best standard of comparison of our lot is with our neighbours, the United States, whose annual income is estimated at \$620 per capita. In 1920 competent authorities estimated that federal taxes took about eight per cent. of the annual income of the United States and imposed practically the same burden per head, namely \$50. But our federal taxation last year amounted to only 6.2 per cent. of the national income.

If our burden is slightly lighter than that of our neighbours, it is infinitely easier than the tax load of Britain or France. The taxes levied by the British Government in 1920 took about 23 per cent. of the national income, which was then estimated at \$435 per head and this year, owing to the shrinkage of values and business, the same total of taxes will require no less than 32 per cent. of the national income. The leading bankers and captains of industry in Britain maintain with one accord that such a proportion, unless abated, spells commercial ruin, especially when the greater bulk of the taxation is expended on unproductive ends like payment of debt interest, pensions, civil administration, etc., and only a small fraction is devoted to constructive purposes.

But the situation is now completely changed. The war brought a burdensome legacy of indebtedness and created large demands for expenditures on reconstruction projects with the result that new sources of revenue have had to be tapped, one after another, and the problem of taxation comes home to-day with bitter insistence to every citizen in the land. From Halifax to Vancouver an increasing murmur goes up about the dead weight of taxation which we are now called to bear and the strain is telling acutely on many nerves. Six weeks ago the citizens of Winnipeg were roused to wrath and mass meetings by the proposal of the provincial treasurer to levy a local income tax at half the rate of the federal tax. Under such circumstances an examination of the exact taxation situation and its possibilities cannot be inopportune.

In 1907 Great Britain required 18.6 per cent. of her income for governmental purposes but this year they will pay for the many greater conveniences of life which the country people lack and it would therefore be unfair

Continued on page 58

The per capita debt therefore, including only the federal, provincial and city debts, amounts to \$605.21. The inhabitants of cities have to

pay for the many greater conveniences of life which the country people lack and it would therefore be unfair

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## In Taxation Burden too Onerous?

TAXATION is an active and constant part of our whole social structure. If it can be planned in such fashion that its incidence lies mainly upon fortuitous and accidental gains, it will interfere little with the plans of individuals and business firms and at the same time enable the government to secure the revenue necessary for the accomplishment of its ventures without undue interference with industrial progress. If, on the other hand, its incidence is so distributed as to dry up the well-springs of capital and act as a cog on the wheels of industry, it may put an effective check to healthy natural development. Whether in our present system of taxation we have an instrument of this nature or whether there are really onerous levies which depress industry is easily the most important question of public finance now before the Canadian people.

In the first place some data in the nature of stocktaking should be available as a basis of any calculation. R. H. Coats, the able head of the Federal Bureau of Statistics,

has the means to make a "census of taxes."



The Provincial Load

IT IS necessary, though the task be unpleasant, to become somewhat better acquainted with Thacher Eades; for the thing was to come to an issue between him and Joseph Winter in the end. Eades was not a man who might safely be defied; he accepted Winter's attitude as a defiance, and sought thereafter every opportunity to do him harm.

IT WAS a day in September. One of those stiflingly hot days when the air is thick and heavy, surcharged with an irritating and electric force which awaits release.

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Accompanied by a maid she crept through the dark fields, the sly girl that suspicion, trembling and halting, to her breast.

ACCORDINGLY a week later, discarding the Tilbury and smart man-servant that he had lately set up, Ovington rode over to Garth, considering as he journeyed the man whom he was going to meet and of whom, in spite of his self-assurance, he stood in some awe.

Round Aldersbury were larger landowners and richer men than the Squire. But his family and his name were old, and by virtue of long possession he stood high among the gentry of the County. He had succeeded at twenty-two to a property neglected and loaded with debt and his father's friends, this was far back in the old King's reign, had advised him to sell let him keep the house and the home-farm and pay his debts with the rest. But pride of race was strong in him; he had seen that to sell was to lower the position which his forefathers had held and he had refused. Instead he had set himself to free the estate, and he had parred, he had pinched, he had almost starved himself and others. He had become a by-word for parsimony. In the end having benefited much by enclosures in the 'nineties, he had succeeded. But no sooner had he deposited in the bank the money to pay off the last charge than the loss of his only son had darkened his success. He had married again; he was by this time past middle age—but only a daughter had come of the marriage.

Withal he was a great aristocrat, a Tory of the Tories. Manufacturers and traders he hated and distrusted, and of late jealousy had been added to hatred and distrust. He was narrow-chested, proud misery; he had been known to carry an old log a hundred yards to add it to his woodpile, and to travel a league to look for a lost sixpence. But he was honest and he was just. And presently it began to be noticed that the parish was better off than its neighbours. He was a tyrant but he was a just tyrant.

Sure was the man whom Ovington was going to meet and from whose avarice he hoped much. He had made his market of it once, for it was by playing on it that he had lured the Squire from Deans, and so had gained one of his dearest triumphs over the old Aldersbury Bank.

The Squire at this juncture passed through the yard stalked into the house and passing through it went out by the front door. He intended to turn right round and enter the high terraced garden facing south in which he was wont to take even in winter a few turns of a morning. But something caught his eye and he paused. "What this?" he muttered, and shading his eyes made out a moment later that the stranger was Ovington. A visit from him

## OVINGTON'S BANK

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

was rare enough to be a portent, and the figure of his bank balance passed through the Squire's mind. Had he been rash? Ovington's was a new concern, was anything wrong?

The Squire met his visitor at the gate and rousing his voice shouted for Thomas. "I am sorry to trespass on you so early," Ovington said as he dismounted. "A little advice would have been welcome."

The old man did not say that it was no trespass, but he stood aside punctiliously for the other to precede him through the gate. Then, "A glass of Madeira!"

### 1822 Hit Your Grandfather

—or great-grandfather, just such a surprise blow as 1821 and 1822 have hit many of us to-day. Don't miss this amazing story, which began in the March 15 issue, but which can be easily started to-day, after you read the synopsis on the next page.

In 1822 the world was recovering from the aftermath of the Napoleonic wars, the business tide was turning, just like we believe it is turning to-day. England had resumed gold payments, speculation was ripe, new industries had bloomed and withered and others were germinating. Private banks were promising investors 25 and 30 per cent. on their money. "Rash" promoters were prophesying that one long steam engine would be pulling a fifteen-ton "goods" train at the astounding speed of twelve miles an hour!

Amazing analogies, interesting and romantic, valuable as historic parallels, showing how our ancestors coped in 1822 with the problems we are facing in 1922, are depicted in this fascinating serial.

"What do you want?" The Squire's tone was uncommunicative. He made no movement towards taking the plans.

"If you will allow me to explain?"

The old man sat back in his chair.

"The railroad will be a continuation of the Birmingham and Aldersbury railroad, which is in strong hands at Birmingham. Such a scheme would be too large for us. That again is a continuation of the London & Birmingham railroad."

"Built?"

"Oh, no. Not yet, of course."

"Begun, then?"

"No, but..."

"Projected?"

"Precisely, projected, the plans approved, the Bill in preparation."

"But nothing done?"

"Nothing actually done as yet," the banker admitted, somewhat dashed. "But if we wait until these works are finished we shall find ourselves anticipated."

"Ah!"

"We wish, therefore, to be early in the field. Much has appeared in the papers about this mode of transport, and we are doubtless familiar with it. I have myself enquired into it and the opinion of financial men in London is that these railroads will be very lucrative, paying dividends of from ten to twenty-five per cent."

The Squire raised his eyebrows.

"I have the plans here," the banker continued, once more producing them. "Our road runs over the land of six small owners who have all agreed to the terms offered. It then enters on the Wootenham outlying property and thence, before reaching Mr. Achery's, proceeds over the Garth estate, serving your mills, the tenant of one of which joins our board. If you will look at the plans?" Again Ovington held them out.

But the old man put them aside. "I don't want to see them," he said.

"But, Squire, if you would kindly glance—"

"I don't want to see them. What do you want?"

Ovington paused to consider the most favourable light in which he could place the matter. "First, Mr. Griffin, your presence on the Board. We attach the highest importance to that. Secondly, a way-leve over your land for which the Company will pay—pay most handsomely, although the value added to your mills will far exceed the immediate profit."

"You want to carry your railroad over Garth?"

"Yes."

"Not a yard!" The old man tapped the table before him. "Not a foot!"

"But our terms—if you would allow me to explain them?"

"I don't want to hear them. I am not going to sell my birthright, whatever they are. You don't understand me." Well, you can understand this." And abruptly the Squire sat up. "I'll have none of your d—d smoking, stinking steam-waggons on my land in my time! Oh, I've read about them in more places than the papers, sir, and I'll not sell my birthright and my people's birthright—of clear air and clean water and clean soil for any mess of pottage you can offer! That's my answer, Mr. Ovington."

"But the railroad will not come within a mile of Garth."

"It will not come on to my land! I am not blind, sir. Suppose you succeed. Suppose you drive the mails and coaches and the stage-wagons off the road. Where shall I sell my coach-horses and hackneys and my tenants their heavy nags? And their corn and their beans? No, by gad!"

Stopping Ovington who wished to interrupt him. "You may delude some of my neighbours, sir, and you may know more about money-making, where it is no question how the money is made, than I do! But I'll see that you don't delude me! A pack of navigators upsetting the country, killing game and robbing hen-roosts, raising wages and teaching honest folks tricks? Not here! If Wootenham knew his own business, and Achery were not up to his ears in debt, they'd not let themselves be led by the nose by—"

"By whom, sir?" Ovington was on his feet by this time, his eyes alight, his face paler than usual. They confronted one another. It was the meeting, the collision of two powers, of two worlds, the old and the new.

"By whom, sir?" the Squire replied sternly. He too had risen. "By one whose interests and breeding were wholly different from theirs and who looks at things from another standpoint! That's by whom, sir. And one word more, Mr. Ovington. You have the name of being a clever man and I never doubted it until to-day. But have a care that you are not over clever, sir. Have a care that you do not lead your friends and yourself into more trouble than you think for! I read the papers and I see that everybody is to grow rich between Saturday and Monday. Well, I don't know as much about money business as you do, but I am an old man, and I have never seen a time when everybody grew rich and nobody was the loser."

Ovington had controlled himself well, and he still controlled himself but there was a dangerous light in his eyes. "I am sorry," he said, "that you can give me no better answer, Mr. Griffin. We hoped to have, and we set some value on your support. But there are of course other ways."

"You may take your railroad any way you like, so long as you don't bring it over Garth."

"I don't mean that. If the railroad is made at all it must pass over Garth—the property stretches across the valley. But the Bill, when presented, will contain the same powers which are given in the later Canal Acts—a single proprietor cannot be allowed to stand in the way."

of the public interests, you must know that Mr. Griffin?" "You mean by gad, sir," the Squire broke out, "you mean, do you, that you will take my land whether I will or not?"

"I am not using any threat."

**WHAT'S HAPPENED SO FAR** Ovington an aggressive banker of Aldersbury, returns from a business trip to London and promotes in his home town a joint stock company to be known as the Valley Steam Railroad Company. In that year—1823 business was commencing to recover from the depression that followed the Napoleonic wars. Ovington foresaw coming commercial expansion, through steam railways. Ovington faces two important problems, the one being his son, Clement, who dislikes the bank and the other, Squire Griffin, who detests trade, over whose estates the new fourteen-mile railroad must go. Ovington plans to win the squire's favor through the latter's nephew, Arthur Bourdillon, Ovington's right-hand man at the bank, who has been made secretary of the new railway company. The squire, however, has ordered his daughter to have nothing to do with Bourdillon.

to a dead end at which it was his custom to spend much time. It looked on the narrow vale, little more than a glen, which the eminence on which the house stood cut off from the main valley. It was nothing to him that in fact the railroad would pass up the middle of the broad vale behind him; he ignored that. He saw the hated thing sweep by below him, a long black ugly snake spewing smoke and steam over green meadows, foulng the waters, darkening the air, and he cursed.

Ovington was too big a man to harbour spite, but as he rode homeward and fumed a plan which he had already considered, put on a new aspect and by-and-by his brow relaxed and he smote his thigh, thinking tickled him and he laughed. He thought that he saw a way to avenge himself and to annoy his enemy and by the time he reached the bank he was himself again.

The tide of speculation was still rising and even in Aldersbury had reached many a back-parish where the old stock was scarcely out of date. Thousands sold their three per cents and the proceeds had to go somewhere, and

other proceeds for behind all there was real prosperity in the country. Men's money poured first into a higher and then into a lower grade of security and raised each in turn, so that fortunes were made with astonishing speed. The banks gave extended credit, everything rose.

The more venturesome hazarded their money afar, buying shares in Steamship Companies in the West Indies, in Diamond Mines in Brazil or in Cattle Companies in Mexico. The more prudent preferred undertakings which they could see and which their limited horizon could compass, and to these such a local scheme as the Valley Railroad held out a tempting bait. They knew nothing about a railroad, but they knew that steam had been applied to ocean travel, and they knew Aldersbury and the woolen district.

One of Ovington's waylayers wished to know if the limit at which he had been advised to sell an investment was likely to be reached. "I sold on Saturday," the banker answered, "two pounds above your limit, Davies. The money will be in the bank in a week." He spoke with Napoleonic cuttness, and rode on leaving the man, amazed and jubilant, to calculate his gains.

The next wanted advice. He had a hundred in hand if Mr. Ovington would not think it too small. "Call to-morrow, no, Thursday," Ovington said, hardly looking at him. "I'll see you then."

The third ran bare-headed out of a shop. He was a man of more weight, Purlow the big draper in Bride Hill, who had been twice Mayor of Aldersbury, a tradesman, bold and sleek, whom fortune had raised so rapidly that old subservience was continually at odds with new importance. "Just a word, Mr. Ovington," he stuttered, "a word, sir, by your leave! I'm a good customer." He had not laid aside his black apron but merely twisted it round his waist, a sure sign in those days of his greatness that he was flattered.

The banker nodded. "None better, Purlow," he answered. "What is it?"

"What I says, then—excuse me—is, if Grounds why not me? Why not me, sir?"

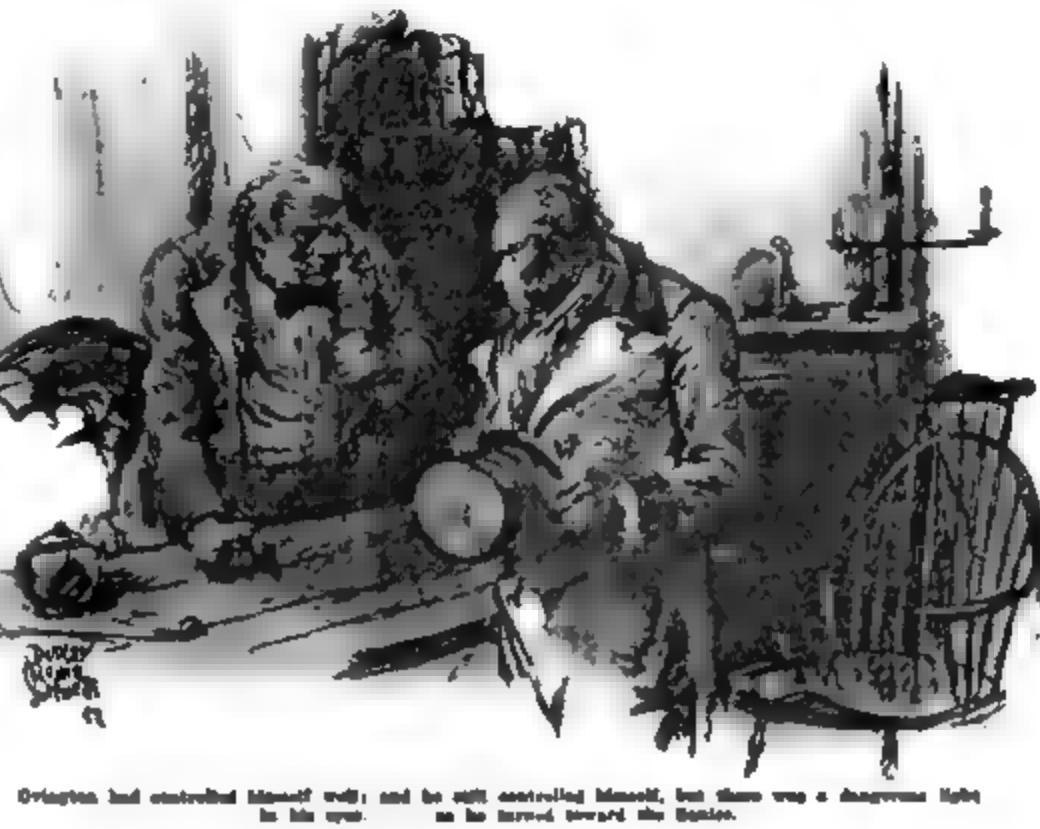
"I don't quite—"

"It's to be on the Board, be and his mash-tube."

"Oh!" The banker looked grave. "You are thinking of the railroad, Mr. Purlow?"

"To be sure! What else—excuse me. And what I say is, if Grounds why not me? I've been mayor twice and him not even in the Council! And I'm not a pauper no none known better than you, Mr. Ovington. If it's only that I'm a tradesman why then ought to be a tradesman as I am and I'll be better as many will follow my lead as Grounds."

"Well, I'll hear it round. I can say no more than that," Ovington mused. "I must say no more. Sir Charles. It's a reasonable position, Purlow. And of course where there are large profits as we know there may be, there is risk. There must be some risk. Don't forget that. Still, touching up his horse with



Ovington had controlled himself well, and he still controlled himself, but there was a dangerous light in his eyes as he turned toward the Squire.

He knew what he wanted. He came back without his gun, and when he reached the bank he found that the two men who had been there were gone. He was alone again. He went into the house and found the note already written. It was a short note, and it said:



"I have more to say than a parent of a son can tell you. I am a general at the age of twenty-one. I have no money, but I have a good credit record. There is a thing I have had for the last year."

It was very evident he had not made the living he had expected or an issue of notes. Then a mile before the consumption of cash payments they had put them both with a ten-talent. If you had rather have bank paper, he said. Some had had the bad taste to prefer the Abraham Newlands, a few had even asked for Dean's notes. But his powers cannot be blamed; the notes had gradually got abroad, and though at first they had returned with the raid of a horning plover the readiness with which they were cashed wrought to effect, and by this time the public were accustomed to them.

Dean wrote him a big D and O, and O, and O, for the benefit of those who could not read, were stamped with a large C O for Charles Ovington.

Along with his daughter that evening the banker referred to them. Betty he said, after a long silence, "I am going to make a change. I am going to turn C O into company."

She understood him at once and "Oh father!" she cried, laying down her work. "Who is it? Is it Arthur?"

"Would you like that?"

She replied by another question. "Is he really so very clever?"

"He is a gentleman—that's much. And a Griffin, and that's more in a place like this. And here you, he's certainly clever."

"Cleverer than Mr. Rodde?"

"Rodd Pooh Arthur's worth two of him." "Qute the industrial appreciation" she murmured, her hands in her lap.

"Well you know" lightly, "what happened to the industrial apprentice, Betty?"

"She moaned. He named his master's daughter didn't he? But there are two words to that, father. Quite two words."

"Well, I am going to offer him a small share. Anything more will depend upon himself and Clement."

"She sighed. Poor Clement!"

"Poor Clement!" The banker repeated her words pat-tishly. "Not poor Clement but idle Clement! Can you do nothing with that boy? Put no name into him! He's good for nothing in the world except to moon about with a gun. Last night he began to talk to me about Cobbett and some new wheat. New wheat indeed! What rubbish!"

"But I think," timidly, "that he does understand about these things, father."

"And what good will they do him? I wish he understood a little about banking! Why even Rodde is worth two of him. He's not in the bank four days in the week. Where is he today?"

"I am afraid that he took his gun, but it was the last day of the season. He said that he would not be out again. He has been very ill lately."

"Though I was away," the banker exclaimed. "And he had some strong things upon the subject to which Betty had—"

"How come he had never lost his temper when he went for Arthur? He's not the same he is now. I want to speak to you. He was a boy the moment when Arthur waited for him. You must have seen him in the experiment. I thought that you were a boy then. But you have grown up. You have a real considerate aptitude for the business. All I have made up my mind to take you over."

Arthur's eyes sparkled. He was so happy that the offer would be made to him again. He did not hesitate to express his thanks. "You may be sure that I shall do my best for you," he said gravely.

"I believe you will, sir. I believe you will. Indeed I am thinking of myself as we as of you. I have not failed to make the offer so soon, you are young and—well. But you will have, of course, to bring in a certain

sum and capital can be used to buy land, grass, etc. It will make a easy. Oh, and not a five thousand dollars for the first year, but a sum of one hundred thousand dollars."

"The James Secretary is after. At the end of three years it will take an eighth of the profits."

"That's a good generous offer," Arthur said, his face aglow. With the enthusiasm and ardor of the spark in the candle, he word that one has many friends, he expressed his thoughts.

"Well, and the other answered pleasantly. Like you Sir, you had better take a short time to consider the matter."

"I want no time," Arthur declared. "My only difficulty is about the money. My mother's all thousand is charged on Garth you see."

This was a fact well known to Ovington and one which he had taken into his reckoning. Perhaps, but for it he had not meant making the offer at the moment. But he deserved his satisfaction, and a smile and "Isn't there a provision for calling it up?" he said.

"Yes, there is—at three months. But I am afraid that my mother—"

"Surely she would not object under the circumstances. The increased income might be divided between you so that it would be to her profit as well as to your advantage to make the change. Three months' oh! Well, suppose we say the money to be paid and the articles of partnership to be signed four months from now."

Differences never seemed very large in this young man's eyes. "Very good sir," he said gratefully. "I pass my house. I don't know how to thank you."

"It won't be all on your side," the banker answered good-humoredly. "Your name's worth something and you are known. I wish to heaven you could infect Clement with a tinge of your keenness."

"I'll try sir," Arthur replied benignantly. At that moment he felt that he could move mountains.

"Well, that's settled then. Send Rodde to me will you?"

"And do you see if I have left my pocket book in the house? Betty may know where it is."

Arthur went through the bank stepping on air. He gave Rodde his message and in a twinkling he was in the house. As he crossed the hall his heart beat high. Lord how he would work! What feats of banking he would perform! How great would he make Ovington's so that not only Aldshire but Lombard Street should ring with its fame!

For he felt that he had it in him to work miracles. The greatest things seemed easy at the moment. The age of gold!

He burst into song. He stopped. "Betty?" he cried. "Who is that rude boy?" the girl retorted, appearing on the stairs above him.

He bowed with ceremony his hand on his heart, his eyes dancing. "You see before you the Industrial Apprentice," he said. "He has received the commendation of his master. It remains only that he should lay his success at the feet of his master's daughter."

She blushed deeply herself. "How silly you are!" she cried. But when he set his foot on the lowest stair as if to join her, she fled nimbly up and escaped. On the landing above she stood. "Congratulations sir," she said, looking over the balustrade.

But a little less forwardness and a little more modesty, if you please! It was not in your articles that you should call me Betty."

"They are canceled! They are gone!" she retorted. "Come down Betty! Come down and I will tell you much things."

But she only made a mocking face at him and vanished. A moment later her voice broke forth somewhere in the upper part of the house. She too, tried to make a real considerate aptitude for the business. All I have made up my mind to take you over."

Arthur's eyes sparkled. He was so happy that the offer would be made to him again. He did not hesitate to express his thanks. "You may be sure that I shall do my best for you," he said gravely.

"I believe you will, sir. I believe you will. Indeed I am thinking of myself as we as of you. I have not failed to make the offer so soon, you are young and—well. But you will have, of course, to bring in a certain

over which the Squires window looked and which separated the south whinstone earth from the cliffs.

The road leaving the village made a right-angled turn round earth and then winding ran through the upper part of the Thirty Arms and reached the foot of the rocks. Along the inner edge of the crest between wood and water there ran also a level path a right of way much frequented by the Squires. It led by a narrow course to the Archesbury peasants and was for good revolutions along it on the afternoon of the very day which saw the elder Ovington at Garth. Mr. Clement Ovington sauntering as usual.

He carried a gun but he carried it as he might have carried a stick for he had long passed the bounds within which he had a right to shoot and at all times his shooting was as much an excuse for a walk among the objects he loved as anything else. He had left his horse at the Griffin Arms in the village and he might have made his way thither more quickly by the road.

At a mile which crossed the path he came to a stand. Something had caught his eye. It was a trifle to which nine men out of ten would not have given a thought for it was no more than a clump of snowdrops in the wood on his right. But a shaft of winter sunshine striking athwart the tiny gloom lifted them star like above the brown leaves about them, and he paused admiring them thinking no evil and far from forewarning what was to happen. He wondered if they were wild or and he looked about for any trace of human hands a keeper's cottage might have stood here. He saw no trace but still he stood entranced by the white bloom that virgin-like, bowed meek heads to the sun light that visited them.

He might have paused longer if a sound had not brought him abruptly to earth. He turned. To his dismay he saw a girl three or four paces from him waiting to cross the side. How long she had been waiting how long watching him he did not know and in confusion for he had not dreamt that there was a human being within a mile of him and with a hurried snatch at his hat he moved out of the way. The girl stepped forward, colouring a little. She foresaw that she must climb the stile under the young man's eye. Instinctively he held out a hand to assist her and in the act he never knew how nor did she the gun slipped from his grasp or the trigger caught in a bramble. A sheet of flame tore between them, the blast of the powder rent the air.

"Goodness me!" he cried. A part? But I am fond of looking at things out of doors you know. A little way back," he pointed upstream the way he had come. "I saw a rat sitting on a lily leaf cleaning its whiskers in the sun the prettiest thing you ever saw. And an old man working at Rache's told me that he but I beg your pardon. How can I talk of such things when I remember?

He stopped, overcome by the recollection of that through which they had passed. She was inclined to ask him to go on but she remembered in time that this, all this was very irregular. What would her father say? And Miss Peacock? Yet if this was irregular so was the adventure itself. She would never forget his face of horror the appeal in his eyes his poignant anxiety. No! it was impossible to act as if nothing had happened between them, impossible to be stiff and to talk at arm's length, about prunes and prunes with a person who had all but taken her life and who was so very persistent. And then it was all so interesting so out of the common to like the things that happened in books, like that dreadful fail from the rob at Lyme in *Peacock's*. And he was not ordinary, not like other people. He looked at snowdrops.

But the shock had robbed her of speech, and he feared that she was going to swoon. He looked helplessly at the brank. If she did what ought he to do? "Oh, a curse on my carelessness!" he cried. "I shall never, never forgive myself."

It had in truth been a narrow, a most narrow escape, and at last she found words to say so. "I heard the shot-pow," she whispered and shuddering closed her eyes again, overcome by the remembrance.

"But you are not hurt." They did pow! Tell me not say not! The horror of that which might have been, of that which had so nearly been overcome him now gave a fresh pregnancy to his tone. "You are sure—sure that you are not hurt."

"No, I am not hurt," she whispered. "But I am very very frightened. Don't speak to me. I shall be right in a minute."

"Can I do anything? Get you some water?"

She shook her head and he stood, looking mournfully at her still fearing that she might swoon and wondering afresh what he ought to do if she did. But after a minute or so she sighed and a little colour came back to her face. It was near us so near! she whispered and she covered her face with her hands. Presently and more restfully. "Why did you have it at full cock?" she asked.

"God knows," he cried. "It was unpardonable. But that is what I am! I am a fool and forgetful things. I was thinking of something else. I did not hear you come up and when I found you there I was startled."

"I saw!" she smiled faintly. "But it was careless."

"Horribly! Horribly careless! It was

wicked!" He simply could not humble himself enough.

She was more herself now and she looked at him. "I am sorry for him. She repented her act from then and though her fingers trembled she straightened her bonnet. "You are Mr. Ovington?"

"You, Clement. And you are Miss Ovington? Are you not a friend among the neighbors of my cousin? I have heard of you from him."

"Yes, May I help you over the stile with your basket?"

She saw that it was some yards away. She knew that the gun had been fired and the noise had been carried to her. Arthur even had either played with her or intended to do so. The man whom she had known had always taken the upper hand with her. Her father had never been so bold as to do so.

"Not now. But I sha'n't go on. What were you looking at so intently?"

"Mr. Ovington, that you were a soldier."

"I am not a soldier. I am a farmer."

"But you are a soldier."

"I am not a soldier."

"But I am not a soldier."

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Then she said with a smile, "I should like to be a general."

"What does that mean?" She did not quite understand.

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# REVIEWS

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*The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary, and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men and women of the world to-day.*

## High Wheat Prices in 1923?

*Europe's Crop in That Year Will be Light, says Savoie*

BRIAN DEVEREUX

THAT there are cycles of high and low bumper crops extending over a certain period of years with a great regularity is almost as old as the calendar, and that these cycles have a direct effect on world wheat crops and the price thereof is the interesting contention of Sir B. H. Beveridge, who has been discussing the phenomenon in a series of articles in the *Economist*.

There is hardly any enterprise more disturbing or more disquieting than the search for weather cycles, and the author puts it in the first place which investigations gather from time to time to solve. New evidence, he says, of the subject has brought about a conclusion that the 13-8 year cycle seems to have the ring of true metal. As an influence on wheat prices he contends that it comes "direct and uncontested from the mother of mathematical sciences." It had already been found independently in other figures and, according to Mr. Beveridge, it has maintained itself for 100 years, a fact which he claims to have substantiated by records gathered during the course of grain production and of contemporaneous bumper pressure that appears in some instances to run up to four harvests. His investigation is a matter of fact never carried to a study as persist as the year but A.D.

Recognition of a periodicity so marked and so long and most often a whole article to the general problem of weather cycles but it leaves investigations largely mere and difficult problems. Sir B. H. Beveridge presents his conclusions after the results of his attention to the then advanced knowledge as to short-term cycles.

## Unwritten Alliance, Says Gibbs

*Anglo-U.S. Entente Has Advanced, Owing to Recent Conferences*

BRIAN GIBBS

"THEY are not a few Americans, but a great and increasing number, who believe that the United States and Great Britain share a common policy for the reconstruction of the world, might form an unwritten alliance, closer and more ultimate than any to make that policy proved. I am one who thinks so too."

It is with this in view that Mr. Philip Gibbs, the noted British journalist, considers his impressions of the post-War United States as a world power, as set forth in the English Review of Reviews. United States attitude toward world

politics has been in a state of flux. Sir Philip observes it as follows:

"The election of the United States has been part, but illuminating, on the moment of economic laws and their operation working in international trade. For some time after the Armistice the spirit of the American people, in the mass, had clung to the detached and isolated policy of their country in world affairs. They were sick to death of all the war sentiment which had been overwrought with wild and false emotions. The downfall of Wilson, partly engineered

## ARTICLES IN THIS DEPARTMENT

High Wheat Prices in 1923?  
Unwritten Alliance, Says Gibbs

British Enterprise in Peru

Rockefeller Never Shouts

Queen Elizabeth Was Moral

Hunger From Sheer Hunger

W.H. 1922 Parallel 1814?

Messaged by the Zuyder Zee

In the News in Your Ads

Success on Your Own Job

by political opinion, but largely determined by public opinion, was due to a variety of psychological causes, of which the strongest recently was a deadly sense against the war fever and a general depression of demand and anxiety amongst European bankers and politicians. To Hell with Hell, and the average American," Let's get back to America, and back to business."

"It was quite a long time before the man of America discovered that it was not easy to get back, that indeed there was no getting back to the old American good old days, or to the old adventure of business. It was only when they found great stocks on their hands could and would, when a wave of unemployment swept over those states when those capital losses receded because the moving trains of trade had fallen to a low ebb, that they realized the interdependence of nations, the absolute necessity for Americans to lend a hand to take a hand even in the reconstruction of peoples exhausted by the strain of industry, death, by the strain of war. Now that that has bitten deeply into the bone of every thinking man and woman in the United States, I hear them talking about it all the time on the moving cars, on long distance trains which are the conventional means of travel, and where the hard road goes tongue to the thoughts that are in

the air. If the harvest of that year is deficient, this will tend to reinforce my third proposition. The theory of the shorter cycles and the extremely improbable event of any continental alliance being complete and definite in every particular, 1923 is destined to repeat something like the experiences of 18-8, the year of the world and most general harvest failure known in European history. But I would be rash to say so this without further inquiry."

In the end other ways, apparent discrepancies between different claims of records may prove to be no discrepancy at all. He adds: "For these reasons probably, and no doubt to his own satisfaction, he claims to have substantially improved his records during the course of grain production and of contemporaneous bumper pressure that appears in some instances to run up to four harvests. His investigation is a matter of fact never carried to as study as persist as the year but A.D."

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in the third place the writer is in whom most of the great powers in Europe have their principal bases of power, the year 1923 will be a year of war, the war themselves more far-reaching and more devastating are predicted. It is a year of 18-8, but it is also a year of 1914. The prediction is that the war will be much more widespread and far-reaching than the last of its branches, 1914-18.

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On the last note however, here is the world may need for reorganization. The next major turning point of the 13-8 year cycle is due in the year 1928, or 1929, from the month of March to the month of May. The author declares that it will be a year of relative and peaceful harvests of Western Europe, though in

by political opinion, but largely determined by public opinion, was due to a variety of psychological causes, of which the strongest recently was a deadly sense against the war fever and a general depression of demand and anxiety amongst European bankers and politicians. To Hell with Hell, and the average American," Let's get back to America, and back to business."

"It is particularly interesting to read this to note that the man who has done this says he is ignorant of the facts of American life, and perhaps prefers the victim of an accident and has no desire to pay interest on the money the Peruvian government program to hand over to Mr. Chamberlain the telephone monopoly of the whole Republic of Peru for a period of thirty years. The present manager has yielded very large sums to the Peruvian government during recent years for railway construction. The

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But still they travelled on. Day after day they toiled forward, grating silent every hour a walk of snow. Every day their hope grew less and their hunger greater. They fed on the raw meat which had turned to jelly. They ate the heads and feet of caribou, and ate the bones. Their hope faded, but still they marched on. Through the cold, day and night, aching fingers, crutching over the ice, with painful hunger for food. Sustained only by ravaging hunting at their pace, leaving dogs with red and aching paws. Longing to live another day, or die. Longing the vomiting, or else the hunger pang would twist and torture them with the shrinking of the stomach. They had tea, but they left the tobacco alone.

It reads like fiction, but it is the relation of the experiences of two caribou hunters on the lonely Chandalar river in Alaska. The hunters were Joe Fraser a white Canadian and Chandalar Sol a full-blooded Indian. They left Fort Yukon at the time of the year when they would not see the sun for four months, but for six hours, or so each day unless there is a snow-storm, a man can see to travel. The whiteness of the snow increases the visibility, and the eyes of man become accustomed to the semi-darkness. With a good moon travelling is possible at any hour. It took them about a week's time to reach the middle fork of the Chandalar. It was towards the head of this river that they expected to find great herds of caribou. But day after day they travelled forward and saw not a track nor a sign of game. Nights they slept in "swath" camps—big holes dug in the snow, lined with green boughs and protected by a spruce bough wind-break.

On the sixth day on the Chandalar the food for the dogs gave out. They cut up caribou skins, brought along for bedding, and boiled them and fed them to the dogs. They had only one more day's food for themselves. The dogs howled all night from sheer hunger, but sympathy for their misery held the men from beating them into silence. The next day they cut three feet from the length of their sled, and boiled the moose skin parchment from its sides. Most of that they gave to the dogs, but they ate a little themselves and kept the balance for breakfast the next morning. Next night they had nothing to give the dogs and only a morsel for themselves. Weaker and weaker they became, and as they weakened the cold took greater effect upon them. They tied their dogs up at night, no longer for convenience, but for fear. The dogs knew there was no more food and no longer howled in the night. They did their poor best every day instinctively believing in the ability of their masters to get them meat.

The men looked forward with horror to the time when weakness and cold would compel them to kill and eat their poor dumb helpers. Joe froze three fingers of his left hand down to the middle joint, and his starving partner had to squat on the tan and rub the fingers back to life again. On the fourth foodless day they came to the mouth of a small creek flowing from the east. They turned up this and travelled for two days, but saw no signs of game. Not a living thing was in the country but themselves and the furry skeletons that shunned and toiled in the harness. Even God seemed to be dead in the land and to have cast a curse and a blight upon it. Mr. Mason vividly describes the next few days of living death.

"Every night, when they crawled into their sleeping robes, each would confidently assure the other that to-morrow they would find the caribou but Joe would pray in his heart for strength to carry him through the ordeal of the next day. Sol usually economical of speech, spoke not at all, except to express confidence for Joe's sake, but his own thoughts were signed, fate is according to the nature of his race."

"On the sixth day they crossed the summit of the range and started down the slope to the east fork of the Chandalar. That they found strength in their hungry weakness and exhaustion to make the ascent must have been a gift from heaven. When they reached the timber at the head of the creek, and at last stopped for the night, they were in terrible danger of falling exhausted in the snow, unable to rise and freezing to death, losing the race in the last lap. They made a slovenly little camp and fell asleep almost before they could get into their robes. The spark of life sank down and down, and would

## Howling From Sheer Hunger

*Terrific Privations Encountered by Men and Dogs Hunting Alaskan Caribou*

MICHAEL H. MASON

Something good. So at last there was hope! "Argh this time all right" Sol said with a genuine grin.

"Melton" said Joe, putting on his snow-hat. "Lapole ter hit 'em, but I am bigger'n on nothin'. Gums the poor old dog a gone dally. Tain't wunnerful. He hopped pantily down the creek, the white dog following close, his tail in the air for the first time for a week.

"Look Joe. Tchadse feel good!" It feed. Tchadse Roi (Black Ears) the wise white leader, was pulling on his chain towards the lead harness, waving his shaggy tail in obvious anticipation of

But Joe had not much hope. He thought they would have to kill their dogs one by one and eat them 'till they could get back to Fort Yukon. They would be lucky to get back even at that rate. As he walked slowly down through the alternate soft snow, hard crust and glint ice of the rocky creek Joe thought of many things.

His thoughts wandered again, and he saw a vision of glorious brown eyes and hair curved red lips, and "Back to earth at a shout from Sol.

"Joe ah? Zuk? Zuk arise!" "Oh, Joe! Look! Look at the caribou!

"On the skyline of a hill, some four miles away, stood a band of caribou, looking back. Then they laughed and chattered and sprang forward with a lighter step. For they had found the caribou, found the meat which is the fuel of life.

"They stopped and built camp laying the fire without lighting it, then both men put on their big hunting snow-shoes and started along the trail after the deer. Within half an hour they could see them, on a bare mountain-side a mile further on. After a careful stalk they got within about 250 yards.

"The caribou were pawing at the pockets of soft snow between the ridges to get at their food, the moss below.

"Joe took steady aim from his knees and brought down the biggest bull with a soft-nosed bullet in the shoulder.

"As the caribou stood momentarily bewildered at the collapse of their leader, Joe killed a fine barren cow, and Sol, firing about ten shots rapidly, after the manner of his kind, brought down five more animals. For three days the men and their dogs just feasted and slept. Then the hunters went back to their work again, killing in all fifty-one caribou before the week was over. They spent a strenuous time building a huge cache in which to store them."

But on their way back they came upon a starving tribe to whom they gave most of their meat—that is the meat they were carrying with them on their sled. The only hunter in this tribe had broken his rifle and was thus unable to bring down game. So Joe gave him his rifle and a plentiful supply of ammunition.

They were delayed by bad weather in making their way back to Fort Yukon and were once more in danger of starving when a pack of wolves killed a big bull moose near their camp. They took the meat away from the wolves and they and their dogs feasted upon it, the wolves howling in a circle all night as if trying to call down vengeance on the creatures that had taken their food away from them.

Mr. Mason gives a grim description of that night in the wilderness—

"The men butchered the meat, packed it to the bark, and put it up on a cache. They gave their dogs a huge chunk apiece and fed full themselves, having built their camp alongside the cache.

"When darkness came the four plundered plunderers lifted their voices in mournful howling. The dogs shivered and whined in terror. The men loosed them, and they cowered round the fire in abject fear of the vengeful fury and long-fanged, powerful jaws of the wild cousins whose meal and awful kill they had usurped.

"This may sound cowardly, but the husky dog is no more a match for a timber wolf than an asthmatic poodle is for a 'husky.' Wolves take great delight in dog-murder. The men fired a few shots into the dark, but they would not be driven from their stolen meat. All night they stayed round the camp, making night ghastly with their mournful lamentations. The fire was made to last all night in case the wolves should get hold in the darkness and kill the dogs while the men slept. Tchadse, the old white leader shivering shamedly crawled uninvited into the camp, and squeezed his frightened form against the comforting bulk of Joe's reliving body.

"The howl of the timber wolf, the hunger cry or the cry to the moon, in the wild and mournful northern winter. Beautiful and musical, it is also horrible and tragic. The listening man feels his hair move on the nape of his neck when he first hears it, even in the dim distance.

"But the partners did not trouble about the wolves. Full fed and with a top-heavy load, they pressed on to Fort Yukon which they reached the following morning."

## Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

CULLED BY J. L. B.

The Revised Version—Say it with moonshine! Flowers will come later.—Sydney, N.S., Record.

Compensation—Anyway the cold snap will keep the wife from spring cleaning.—Nelson, B.C., News.

And Yet—Maybe—No, Arethusa, it is not H.G. Wells' "Outyin' History."—Kingston, Ont., British Whig.

The Prevailing Fashion—Every day we hear of a Wall Street broker getting broker still.—Calgary Albertan.

Before and After—The old way used to be to kiss and make up. The modern girl makes up first.—Winnipeg Tribune.

And More Active—If half as many street cars run for folks as folks run for street cars, life would be easier and pleasanter.—Belleville, Ont., Intelligencer.

An Early, Early Christian: An early Christian is defined as the husband who gets up and washes the dishes in the morning.—Lindsay, Ont., Post.

That Would be Only Fair—If there is any decency in Ireland she will now reciprocate by making the United States free.—Kincardine, Ont., Review.

Probably Rightly So—Every proper father is worried 'bout his twelve-year-old son learn the thangs he knew at the age of twelve.—Stratford, Ont., Beacon.

True Enough—Princess Bibesco has written a book entitled "I Have Only Myself to Blame." Nothing could be fairer than that.—Quebec Telegraph.

Simple Wants—Eggs are cheaper. Now if only one had a stove. And a house to put it in. And the gas turned on, one might have a fried egg.—Ottawa Journal.

Free Speech But Not Too Free—After all perhaps the modern typist is as dangerous to the peace of Europe as the revolutionized weapons of warfare.—Renfrew, Ont., Mercury.

The Simple Pleasure of Main Street: In a small town there isn't much to do except wonder which of the local boys will marry this year's school teachers.—Toronto Star.

Perhaps He Was a Doctor—With two neutral elixirs on his shoulders and three casts sticking in his ribs, many a man on a street curwonders what the poor saw in one crowded hour of glorious life.—Toronto Telegram.

Makes paint look like new  
The real naptha in Fels-Naphtha makes the dirt let go, and brings back the bright, fresh clean appearance to painted woodwork.

Helps the washing-machine  
It pays you to use the soap that触 the washing machine to get the benefit of naptha. The real naptha in Fels-Naphtha touches the dirt before the washing machine starts it's work. Then the Fels-Naphtha water flushes away all the dirt.

For fine lace curtains  
With no other soap can you wash lace curtains so snowy white and with so little effort as with Fels-Naphtha. It soaks the dirt loose and safely makes all filmy fabrics thoroughly clean.

Takes spots from rugs  
How easily and quickly Fels-Naphtha cleans and brightens rugs, carpets and draperies. The naptha dissolves grease, loosens dirt and restores perfect cleanliness.

Soft blankets and woolens  
White and fluffy they come from a Fels-Naphtha wash! The real naptha in Fels-Naphtha loosens the dirt, the soapy water flushes all dirt away, the naptha vanishes, carrying all odors with it. Then the woolens are clean through and through.

## The double cleaner for easier housecleaning

Quickly, thoroughly and safely, Fels-Naphtha makes everything it touches clean, sweet, sanitary. And a thoroughly clean home means better health for the family.

Because Fels-Naphtha is splendid soap and real naptha, combined by the original Fels-Naphtha method, it gives a soap-and-water cleaning and a naptha cleaning at the same time. That makes it different from all other soaps.

Fels-Naphtha is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naphtha blend of splendid soap and real naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners—a way that has never been successfully imitated! Begin using Fels-Naphtha today.

FREE If you haven't had an opportunity to prove that Fels-Naphtha is a superb soap for laundry and all household cleaning, send for free sample. Write Fels-Naphtha Soap, Philadelphia.



Fels-Naphtha by the carton

Get a supply for housecleaning in this handy package—ten full size bars of Fels-Naphtha neatly packed.

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR



Takes spots from rugs  
How easily and quickly Fels-Naphtha cleans and brightens rugs, carpets and draperies. The naptha dissolves grease, loosens dirt and restores perfect cleanliness.





If benzene soap comes in contact with the skin—use Ivory.

If you had your soap made to order, you would say:

"I want my soap to give abundant lather which cleanses thoroughly and rinses at the first touch of clear water."

"It must be mild so as to clean gently; and pure so that constant use of it will not harm anything it touches."

"It should be white, because whiteness is the outward sign of fine ingredients, and fragrant so it will be pleasant to use."

"Make it float, both for convenience and economy."

Then when you could think of no other desirable feature, you would discover that you had enumerated the seven essentials that are combined in Ivory Soap and that make it ideal for the daily bath, toilet, shampoo, nursery and fine laundry.

## IVORY SOAP

99<sup>44</sup><sub>100</sub> % PURE  
MADE IN CANADA



## Will 1922 Parallel 1818?

*U.S. Authority Prophesies That This Year's Boom is Mere Flash in Pan*

ALVIN T. SIMONDS

HOW long will the period extend from the close of the World War until wages and prices definitely turn upward again as they did in 1835 following the Napoleonic Wars?

Alvin T. Simonds, president of the Simonds Manufacturing Company, writing for *Forbes* magazine under the title of "Will Business in 1922 Parallel 1818?" declares it will all depend on the percentage of the world's wealth that was destroyed and consumed during the war period. It would be difficult, he says, to compare the percentage in 1818 with that in 1918, but probably the latter is the larger. "It is also true," writes Mr. Simonds, "that the world of 1922 can produce wealth more rapidly; but that it also consumes wealth much more rapidly must not be forgotten. Each one can eat meat for himself whether it will be a shorter or a longer period than it was after the Napoleonic Wars before the world

gets back to the amount of wealth per inhabitant which was in existence before the World War started in 1914.

Undoubtedly there is a long period of declining wages and declining prices before us. These years, however, may be years of prosperity as people get back to the old virtues of prudence, economy, and thrift and as they learn to cut out extravagances, and in an economic sense, lower their standards of living. In a higher sense the standard may even be a better one for the development of the most desirable human qualities, plain living and high thinking are likely to go together.

"Will the year 1922 repeat the short-lived boom that came in the year 1818? It will, unless the parallel which has existed almost exactly so far is broken. And if the parallel continues further unbroken, 1922 will be followed by about two years of depression."

## Menaced by the Zuyder Zee

*Holland Finds Gulf Growing And Plans Now to Drain it*

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

HOLLAND must get rid of the Zuyder Zee or the Zuyder Zee will evidently at some distant date have absorbed all of Holland. So Holland has decided that if it is a case of choosing dry land or more sea, she can quite well get along with a little less of the moisture. The Zuyder Zee, which at the time of the Roman conquest was but an inconsequential lake and has since grown into a formidable gulf, will be drained away and its bed turned into farming country. The fisheries on the sea will disappear and the boats which fish in the North Sea will reach the ocean through the Yselmeer. The cost of this colossal drainage scheme will amount to over \$100,000,000. Before the work starts an 18-mile outer dyke will be constructed from the North Holland coast to the Island of Wieringen and from the other side of the island to Piaam on the Friesian coast. The need of such a scheme to end the menace of floods was long ago realized, says the *Review of Reviews*, and as early as 1848 plans for the systematic reclamation of the Zuyder Zee were made.

The reclamation of the Zuyder Zee will not, of course, merely result in safeguarding the North of Holland against further floods. It will add to Holland an entire province whose surface will be one-sixteenth of that of the whole country. The soil will be of the best kind, and a prosperous agricultural population will thrive in a few years where at present only a few fishing smacks are cruising. The Dutch Ministry of Agriculture made some calculations according to which the 394,000 acres of new land will produce each year 163,432 hectolitres of grain, 375,124 hectolitres of vegetables, 121,915 hectolitres of seeds, 2,230,715 hectolitres of onions, 13,865 hectolitres of green fodder, 916,088 tons of beets, and 4,391,047 kilogrammes of flax and hemp.

The question of the ownership of the land has been settled in favor of small holdings. The land will be parcelled out and sold to small owners, special care being taken to prevent accumulation into few hands. In this way during 10 years 10,000 people will settle every year in the Zuyder Zee province.

The works, which will take about 20 years, started during the second half of 1919. The Dutch are a patient people, and they have decided not to overreach themselves in this great enterprise. They have taken great care that only such parts of the Zuyder Zee will be reclaimed as are known to consist of first-class arable soil.

## Get the News in Your Ads.

*Former Canadian Explains What Displays Catch The Public Eye*

HERBERT N. CASSON

"THE cleverest of all advertisements is the one that has been woven into the warp and woof of the news of the day," declares Herbert N. Casson in the seventh of a series of instructive articles on the elements of advertising in *Forbes* magazine. Mr. Casson is editor of *The Efficiency Magazine*, and was formerly a student at the University of Toronto. But how is the advertiser to take advantage of the day's news? Mr. Casson offers a few illustrations:

"At the end of a year, people looked for his snappy little 'ads.' They talked about them. He became the most famous hatter in a city of 400,000 by the use of small, clever, newsy advertisements.

"We must bear in mind what news is. It is something important or unusual or concerning famous people and places.

"The great basic fact is that a nation is a vast herd of people—thoughtless, indifferent, self-absorbed, happy, and miserable people, who are thinking the same things at the same time.

"The nation lives day by day. It says—'Give us each day our daily gossip,' and if you wish to attract the favorable attention of this herd of people, you must go with it and talk about what it is interested in.

"To do this is difficult, but it is profitable. It will soon save you fully seventy-five per cent. of your advertising expenses. It will give you the effect of a full page

with only a quarter-page of space. "I once knew a hatter who made his fortune by the use of four-line advertisements—each with a single sentence on the news of the day, and always weaving in a reference to his own product."

"At the end of a year, people looked for his snappy little 'ads.' They talked about them. He became the most famous hatter in a city of 400,000 by the use of small, clever, newsy advertisements.

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"The nation lives day by day. It says—'Give us each day our daily gossip,' and if you wish to attract the favorable attention of this herd of people, you must go with it and talk about what it is interested in.

"There is a fortune for the advertiser who can make the best use of this tip—follow the news."

# Exide

MADE IN CANADA

## BATTERIES



## The First Automobile Starting Battery

Not so long ago all automobiles were cranked by hand. The year 1911 saw the first car regularly furnished with electric starting and lighting equipment. It had an Exide Battery. Today millions of cars are Exide equipped.

Not so long ago farms were lighted by kerosene lamps—dim and dangerous. And farm work like pumping, churning, washing, was done by human hands. Now thousands of farms have the modern comfort and economy of electric light and power—and most of such plants have Exide Batteries.

The first automobile battery was made

possible, and the successful farm battery was made possible, through the experience of the manufacturers of Exide in building batteries for every industrial and government purpose since the beginning of the storage battery business. Exides are made in Canada, in England, and in the United States.

The result of this experience is a battery for your car that gives the maximum combination of power, reliability, and long life. You will find it worth while to insist on an Exide. If you have any trouble in getting one, write us or our nearest distributor.

### EXIDE BATTERIES OF CANADA LIMITED

153 Dufferin Street, Toronto

Crawford Battery Co.,  
Limited,  
651 Elles St.,  
Vancouver, B.C.  
T. M. Peacock,  
211 Lombard W.,  
Calgary, Alta.  
Lumber Dealer's Electric  
Company,  
1235 St. W.,  
Saskatoon, Sask.

F. G. Young, Limited,  
209 Cumberland Ave.,  
Winnipeg, Man.  
The Battery Engineering &  
Supply Co., Limited,  
398 100 Laurier Ave. W.,  
Ottawa, Ont.  
Cartier-Jones Electric Co.,  
Limited,  
941 Sherbrooke St. W.,  
Montreal, Que.

The Universal Battery Co.,  
Limited,  
43 King Square,  
St. John, N.B.  
G. A. Williams,  
Trading Representative,  
70 New York St.,  
Montreal, Que.

THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY FOR YOUR CAR



## Canada's Present in Prose and Poetry

The pen perpetuates the peoples and the problems of all periods of history, for it is by the products of the pen that we gain our conception of the past and present.

One of Canada's greatest assets is the richness of her golden mines of poetry and prose. Her authors have won reputation in the world of letters of which she, as a nation, may well be proud.

### Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

is the connecting link between thought and printed page.

Because of the simplicity, the perfection of the mechanism, its even flow and easy smoothness, it is the chosen pen of the writers of today.

There are many styles—for character but only one quality—for satisfaction.

**\$2.50 \$4.50 \$5.00 and Up**

Selection and Service at best stores everywhere

### Waterman Company, Limited.

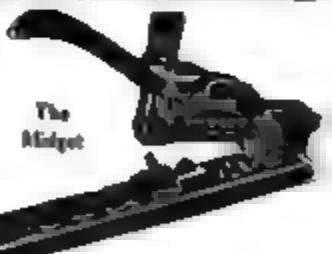
179 St. James Street, Montreal

New York San Francisco Boston Chicago

### Real Economy in the Office

The "Midget" is one of the "Acme Line" Binding Machines, is strong and durable, a real worker. Just what you need for an office, a writing room, a library, a document, a policy, a check, a plan, etc. Used to advantage by many offices and businesses for office, business, home, etc. This machine will effect a valuable saving in any modern office. Try one. Description Catalogue A shows the "Midget" and other Acme Stapling Machines. You may find more just what you have been looking for. Write for free info.

ERNEST J. SCOTT & CO.  
THE ACME STAPLE CO., LIMITED  
PROCESS TYPEWRITER SUPPLY CO., LIMITED



50 St. Paul Street, Montreal, Canada  
London, N. J. U. S. A.  
London, Eng.

### The Most Beautiful of all Building Materials

# MILTON BRICK

Is made in various colors, rough and smooth, all of which blend into a beautiful effect on the wall. No other brick looks quite as beautiful.

We carry a stock of Pressed and Flug Brick for immediate delivery. Samples on application.

MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO., LIMITED

Head Office: Milton, Ont. Toronto Office: 44 Adelaide St. West

## Specialize on Your Own Job

LORD BEAVERBROOK

Dr. Lord Beaverbrook initial failure was a new and more muted to him. But there is a certain hope that success awaits every man. Every man has a career, whether he or at worst every man can find a niche in the moral order in which he can fit himself with others. Anyone who had strayed in years to the wrong profession and failed to yet prove himself an immense success another, at three broad dial needles at the top rammed downwards until the general truth is equally applicable to all the subdivisions of business and even to all the administrative sections of particular firms.

Lord Beaverbrook thus advises young men who have failed, or think they have failed in a chosen sphere in life. In an article of high inspirational values in *The Sunday Express* the noted Canadian-born British journalist declares emphatically there need be no such thing as failure so long as a man has in no way tarnished his reputation by dishonorable or criminal actions. His belief is that there are a great many round pegs in square holes and vice versa.

"If I had to choose one single and celebrated instance of this doctrine I should find it in the career of Lord Reading."

"Lord Reading started his career on the Stock Exchange where he failed utterly. No doubt experience would have brought him a reasonable measure of success but it was equally clear that this was not the sphere for his predominant abilities.

"He therefore broke boldly away and entered at the Bar where his intellect secured him a reputation and an income especially in commercial cases, which left his competitors divided between admiration and annoyance. In a single year he made 40,000 pounds. The peg had found the round hole. His eminence procured him the Attorney Generalship. Yet with all his ability and his personal popularity he was not a real success in the House of Commons. Parliamentary warfare was not his aptitude. So he became Lord Chief Justice. His great personal character and reputation gave Lord Reading in his new position a certain reputation as a great Lord Chief.

"From my own limited experience I do not agree. I had to watch closely a certain case he was trying and I did not think Lord Reading was a great judge. He failed to carry the jury with him, the final Court of Appeal ordered a new trial, which resulted in the reversal of the judgment. Such a thing might happen to any judge but a strong one would have put a prompt end to proceedings which were obviously vexatious and entailed great cost by the delay on defendants who had obviously been dragged unwillingly into the act on.

But his real opportunity came with his mission to the United States during the war. No ambassador had ever achieved such popularity and influence or brought back such rich treasures with him. As a diplomat, a man of law and a man of business, he shone supreme. Once more, since his days at the commercial bar, he had found the real field for his talents."

The "Midget" is one of the "Acme Line" Binding Machines, is strong and durable, a real worker. Just what you need for an office, a writing room, a library, a document, a policy, a check, a plan, etc. Used to advantage by many offices and businesses for office, business, home, etc. This machine will effect a valuable saving in any modern office. Try one. Description Catalogue A shows the "Midget" and other Acme Stapling Machines. You may find more just what you have been looking for. Write for free info.

ERNEST J. SCOTT & CO.  
THE ACME STAPLE CO., LIMITED  
PROCESS TYPEWRITER SUPPLY CO., LIMITED

## The Immigrants Canada Wants

Continued from page 10

about farming. There is nothing in these schemes suggested for educating them and making farmers of them, and then sending them out to fight the battle of the pioneer's life. It is the next thing to a crime to put these men under such conditions. The pioneers have to be of the toughest fibre that can be found. Let me no one imagine that you can get people in huge numbers from the towns and make farmers of them. If an attempt is made to do so, there will be a worse problem created than that which exists now. I may be told that there are some cases in which mechanics and townpeople have been successful. The Barr colony for instance. That is quite true. But they were not gathered up by immigration propaganda sponsored and rod led into coming to Canada. They were people



## A Garage of your own

It is much more economical and convenient to have your own garage than to depend on getting room for a small car in someone else's garage. It is better to have your own garage than to rent a garage or garage space. When you are in your own garage you have complete control.

### PEDLAR'S METAL CLAD and ALL-STEEL GARAGES

Standard, Special, Improved, Durable  
Pedlarite painted

Write for Catalog "A"

**THE PEDLAR PEOPLE LTD.**  
(Established 1910)

Operating Offices: Duluth, Minn.  
Fargo, North Dakota, and  
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## KILL THOSE MOTHS



Protect your valuable furs, pictures and woolsens from the ravages of the destructive moth, by keeping them in a

### Red Seal Cedar Chest

Cedar Chests are no longer regarded as a luxury, beautiful as they are, but are now known to be a vital necessity in every home. They last for generations. Pay for themselves in what they save. An ideal gift for wedding or birthday.

Write for descriptive folder  
**The H. E. Furniture Co. Ltd.**  
Montreal - Ontario



SLOANS always fixes me up in a jiffy. A weeping wife of Sloan's Liniment and pores when seen become a memory. Grown-ups aches and pains disappear, muscles relax, a backache, stiff joints, aches and strains. Sold by all druggists, 50c.

Made in Canada  
**Sloans**  
Liniment  
Patent Pending

## Jim Henry's Column

### In Common

It is a curious thought how different men are in most of their ideas, aspirations and habits, and yet how absolutely alike in others.

For example tomorrow morning, between the hours of 6:45 and 7:10, about fifteen million men will stand before their mirrors in exactly the same postures, go through the same motions and accomplish the same results, namely, they will cut down that jungle of ugliness which is everlastingly pushing out from a man's hide and overrunning the attractive contours of his face.

With this one difference. Something over two million men will enjoy the process. The other thirteen million will think thoughts they dare not express unless they are rough and uncouth and which I cannot even hint at in this public forum.

Now let's get down to cases and be practical and factual about this inevitable process of shaving.

We would all do away with it if women would let us. It takes time, at the best a nuisance, and at the worst is awful.

I don't have to tell you whether or not the soap you are using is up to the job. I do tell you that in the opinion of every man who uses it, Mennen Shaving Cream comes closer to making shaving pleasant than any other preparation ever invented.

I tell you that Mennen's efforts a peculiar influence on a beard which transforms its meanness into something approaching benevolence.

I tell you that Mennen's is so non-irritating and so packed with soothing lotions that all you need afterwards is a flick of neutral-toned Mennen Talcum for Men to put you at peace with the world. Our Talcum for Men by the way doesn't shave the way white powder does. It is made especially for men, fine for a talcum shower after your bath to protect your skin from irritation and soothing after a shave.

So buy them both—Mennen Shaving Cream and Mennen Talcum for Men—and solve this shaving question for good.

*Jim Henry*  
(Jim Henry)

**The Mennen COMPANY**  
Montreal, Canada



and afterwards  
Mennen  
Talcum  
for Men  
it doesn't shave

who came themselves paid their own way stand in their own fee, any imbued with the desire to live to make a home and the true joys of life. There is no man's right to be needed immediately. Let us be magnified from this fact, that you can get her up tens of thousands of persons who have never any desire for self-sacrifice to the point where it is ahead of them and turn them into foemen. It takes two generalities to convert a two-hundred population into an agricultural one, and it is next to impossible to do this in any conceivable sense except under the pressure of starvation. In any event, makes two generalities to do it. Canada has no time for that operation. We have not two generations to spare.

### Not Immigration by Wholesale

I saw the other day a statement by Col. Dennis, a man for whom I have the highest respect. He is reported to have made the statement that an effort should be made to get out and bring in ten million people to Canada in the next ten years. With respect to this declaration of Col. Dennis, I am forced most reluctantly to disagree. I disagree totally and entirely. I think the point suggested is in the first place next to impossible of fulfillment, and if I were primitive I think it would be madness to try it. If the government of Canada and the Canadian railways should combine on one huge scheme to bring ten million people to Canada in the next ten years, I venture to say now that nearly seven million of them would be down south of the line at the end of that time.

The problem of immigration cannot be solved that way. It is an individual problem. The task that confronts the immigration service is to find the individual man who wishes to make a home and is determined to do so. If any attempt is made to handle this problem in any other way than as an individual problem, in which success is declared to depend upon hard work and self-denial, the result will be to incur something like a national catastrophe.

### What We Can Accomplish

AM OF the deliberate opinion that about 500,000 farmers could be actually put on and in the next ten years by a thorough, systematic and energetic organization backed with all needed legal authority and money. If four are allowed to a family, that would represent two million people actually added to the agricultural population in ten years. Twenty years from now it would represent a natural increase in population of six or seven million. If that is done and the railway problem is solved and the problem of the payment of the national debt is solved, provided the government ceases to make fresh additions to the debt by extravagant expenditures.

There is the practical question of ways and means. Where and how shall we get these settlers? So far as the United States is concerned, I am quite clear in my views as to the methods that should be adopted. The organization which I interested in the United States has been carried on ever since in more or less the same shape. It has been most effective and has performed services of a valuable value, but it is getting out of date. In late years there have grown up in the United States a considerable number of land and colonization companies. They undertake the movement of people from densely populated states to places where the land is unoccupied, or where the population is very sparse. These companies are amazingly very clever men and they have very able and expert staffs. Their men are highly paid and thoroughly know the conditions in these several states. If I were working for the purpose of getting American settlers into our North West, I should endeavor to work through these organizations.

There are others, however, large, small, middle, middle-size pieces, 500 acres in size, etc. Ask your dealers or jewelers or dentists, etc., about them.

To insure your choice matching perfectly with other pieces of "Ivory," be sure that "Ivory" is stamped on each piece that you buy.

These articles, candlesticks, jewel cases, middle, middle-size pieces, 500 acres in size, etc., Ask your dealers or jewelers or dentists, etc., about them.

**IVORY**

French Ivory

Which Is Most  
Important To You  
What Goes into a Can of Paint  
or What Comes Out of It?



A long time ago, Lowe Brothers found out that six different ingredients had to be used in making High Standard Paint, if their customers were to get the satisfaction and lastingness out of every can that they had a right to expect.

They found out, also, that a different mixing and

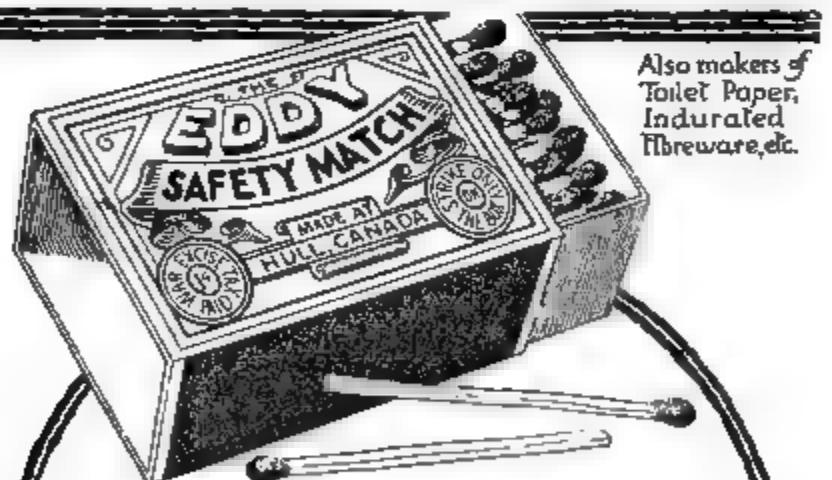
grinding process had to be employed.

You're not particularly interested in the manufacturing details, but you do want satisfaction and lastingness in paint.

That is what Lowe Brothers put into every can of High Standard. Send ten cents for "The Happy Happenings" a book that contains much dearly-bought experience in painting.

**Lowe Brothers, Limited**  
PAINT MAKERS — VARNISH MAKERS  
Factory Toronto. Branches: Winnipeg, Calgary, Halifax.

**Lowe Brothers**  
Paints - Varnishes



THERE ARE MATCHES  
AND MATCHES

You've bought the kind of matches that break—that won't strike that fizz out. And the dangerous kind from which the heads fly and explode. They are the kind you often get when you mere's ask for matches.

But say Eddy's Safety Matches and the salesman will give you real matches—full boxes of value-for-money lights. Every Eddy Safety Match ignites when you strike it on the box. Every Eddy Safety Match is good for a light and there is no dangerous after glow.

*See Eddy's Next Time and Note  
The Difference in the Matches.*

**THE E. B. EDDY CO.**  
HULL Limited CANADA  
Made in Canada for Canadians

Also makers of  
Toilet Paper,  
Indurated  
Flannelware, etc.

sult of one or two years of successful work in the part of these companies in inducing settlement would cause the owners of all the rest of the land to put it up to a prohibitive figure. Some means must be taken to limit these available lands at reasonable prices and to prevent prices from being raised to the prejudice of the incoming settler.

I am just as much opposed to interference with the rights of property as anybody here. In fact, I have an almost fanatical opposition to any legislation which interferes with contractual rights. There is, however, a point beyond which no individual can be allowed to trifle with the interests of the State upon the highest ground of law and equity. I would maintain that the government of the Dominion and of the provinces concerned have a perfect right by legislation to take charge of the settlement of the twenty-five or thirty million acres and that there is no legal or moral obligation resting on the country to allow this land to lie idle for the benefit of any speculator. If they will not have the land occupied and put settlers on it, they should be forced to sell at a reasonable price and the land should be made available from time to time for a considerable number of years. To the present price during each year taxes and interest could be added. There would be nothing in the nature of confiscation, the owner would merely be compelled to sell his land at a reasonable price, or occupy it and see that it is properly utilized.

I do not see any other way in which this problem can be handled and I would not hesitate a moment, if I were in charge of

the work, about recommending the necessary legislation.

Other Sources of Immigration

AS TO the other places from which settlers can be procured, I could turn loose the organization upon the North of England and Scotland. There are some young mechanics in the North of England and Scottish towns who have been born on the land and brought up farmers. Very nearly all of them are willing to emigrate. I would search out individually every one of these men that can be got, as well as farm laborers and the sons of small farmers. I would make most intensive search because experience shows that these men are the very best blood in the world and every one of them that can be procured is an asset to the country.

In Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, Bohemia, Hungary and Galicia there are hundreds of thousands of hardy peasants, men of the type above described, farmers for ten or fifteen generations, who are anxious to leave Europe and start life under better conditions in a new country. These men are workers. They have been bred for generations to work from daylight to dark. They have never done anything else and they never expect to do anything else. We have some hundreds of thousands of them in Canada now and they are among our most useful and productive people.

These are the three sources from which I would recommend that immigration be procured. Speaking generally, large schemes of assisted immigration should be discouraged.

—That Ye Be Not Judged

*Continued from page 18*

something greedy in them, as though they relished the flavor of this house in which the man and the woman had lived. "Guilty men and women are always quick to find excuse," he said. "But the ancient Word is absolute. 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.' He that committeth adultery is devoid of understanding; he doeth it that would destroy his own soul." "They shall both of them die." Thus, the Lord told the Jews, should Israel be cleansed.

Winter looked down at his great hands, now lying still across his knees. "Words are easy found," he agreed. "But it's the spirit, not the body, that God meant. That's what I've come to know. Studying it over. Oh, I've thought about it, Mr. Eades. I've read and thought about it all. You and I are grown men. There's no harm in plain talk. I'm not a defiant man. But I say the women who go around the world to-day showing themselves to men, their skirts too high, and their waists too low, I say they're guiltier than Mary and I have ever been, because they raise up the ugliest side of men. And the men that look at all those are guiltier too. There's been never any ugliness between Mary and me. Just a decent, loyal love."

"The crime being that we loved each other before we were married?"

"That you dwelt together in shame, and without shame."

"Before we were married?"

"For twenty years."

"But," said Winter slowly. "We are married now. The sin, by your lights, is done."

"There has been no atonement."

EADES had seemed to be listening for some sound without the room. He ignored the other's words. "Do I hear her coming?" he asked. "I want to talk to her."

"I don't hear anything but the thunder," Winter told him. "We're going to have a thundershower. She hasn't had time to come yet. And there's no need your hurting her."

"I am an elder of the church," said Eades. "You and this woman have brought your corruption into this community, and I propose to be rid of you. The woman must suffer with the man."

Winter said heavily: "What do you mean by suffering? What do you know about suffering? I've lived with this, sir, for more than twenty years."

"In sir," Eades retorted, and there was something like unctuous in his tones.

"Have it so, if you want," Winter told him. "But what do you aim to do?"

His inquisitor did not seem quite sure.

"The wages of sin is death," he said oracularly.

Winter smiled a little, one of his rare smiles. "Those are words," he said. "Anybody can say words, but a little thinking does more good. You're not planning to kill us, I guess."

Eades could no longer sit still. He rose and crossed to a window that looked

toward the road. It was insufferably hot in the closed room. Both men were flushed and sweating. The minister saw that the sky was blackening overhead, and there was a rumble of distant thunder, and after a moment another burst, a little nearer. He could see no one coming along the road from Will Brown's farm. He swung back to face the other man. "There is a judgment upon you, and upon this woman," he said, his voice rising to a higher pitch. "You have sneaked in here, cloaking your coming in mystery, and you did well to seek to hide yourselves. But sin has a way of coming to light. It may be too late for you to atone. But I see no repentance in you, only stubbornness in your crime."

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WINTER laughed, a laugh without mirth. "Atonement," he echoed harshly. "What do you know about atonement. Mr. Eades? Do you think life has been easy for us? Twenty years of it a sorrow and misery always. Never feeling ourselves as other men and women were. Always listening for the snicker behind our backs. Making no friends. Living solitary, with all the folks about us friendly each with each."

"And children growing up. And struggling not to let them know, so that they might not be burdened down by the heavy world. Children we loved. Always afraid, always weary, always sick with longing. Moving on like outcasts from town to town, when folks began to talk. Trying to keep ahead of the thing that always clung to us. If Mary and me were naturally bad folks, we wouldn't have minded, Mr. Eades. But Mary's a decent woman, and I'm a decent man. It's been like a long crucifying."

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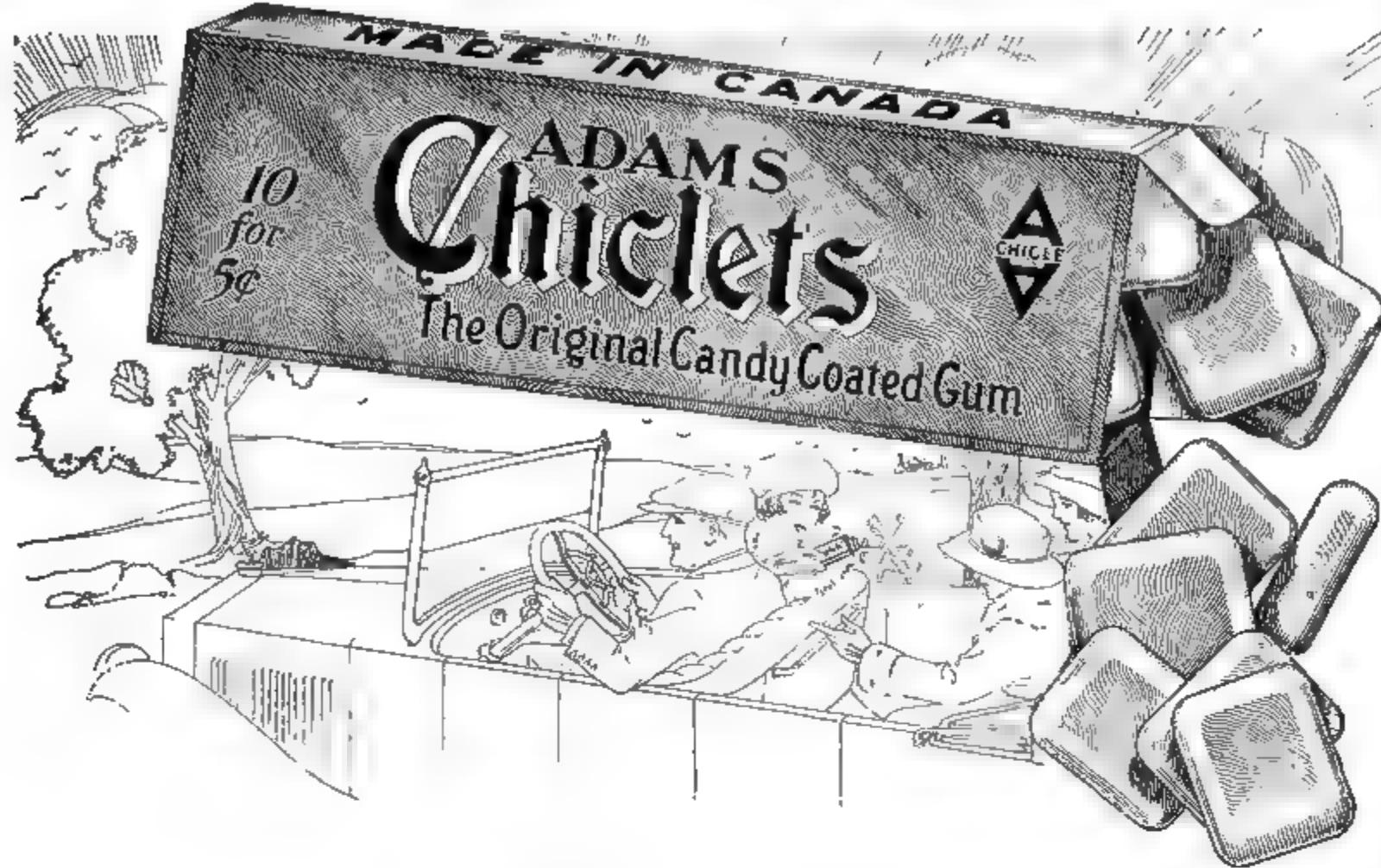
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thinking does more good. You're not

planning to kill us, I guess."

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## While Touring— Chiclets

If the road is dusty or the day close—you'll find wonderful refreshment in the zippy flavors, the crisp white candy-coating, and the tonic qualities of Chiclets.

They sweeten the mouth, help put your digestion in order, help keep the teeth right.

And you can get them in your favorite flavor—tingling Peppermint, luscious Tutti-Fruti, tempting Spearmint.

Sold by most stores, ten Chiclets for 5c.

**Spearmint**  
*In the GREEN  
cardboard  
packet*

**TuttiFrutti**  
*In the PINK  
cardboard  
packet*

**Peppermint**  
*In the YELLOW  
cardboard  
packet*

—an Adams product, particularly prepared



## No other Pencil can be like EVERSHARP

Be sure you get EVERSHARP when you buy. Ask for it definitely by name and look for the name on the pencil.

The EVERSHARP is the breech-loading pencil with the rifled tip. This exclusive tip holds the lead firmly—keeps it from slipping or wobbling. No other pencil combines such mechanical precision with such smoothness of writing and elegance of finish. A pencil to own, to guard to use every day—this is the genuine EVERSHARP which revolutionized the pencil habits of the world. Many sizes and styles in gold, silver and enamel. 75¢ to \$7.50. Sold everywhere.

EVERSHARP pencils are made in Canada by Canadians, for Canadians

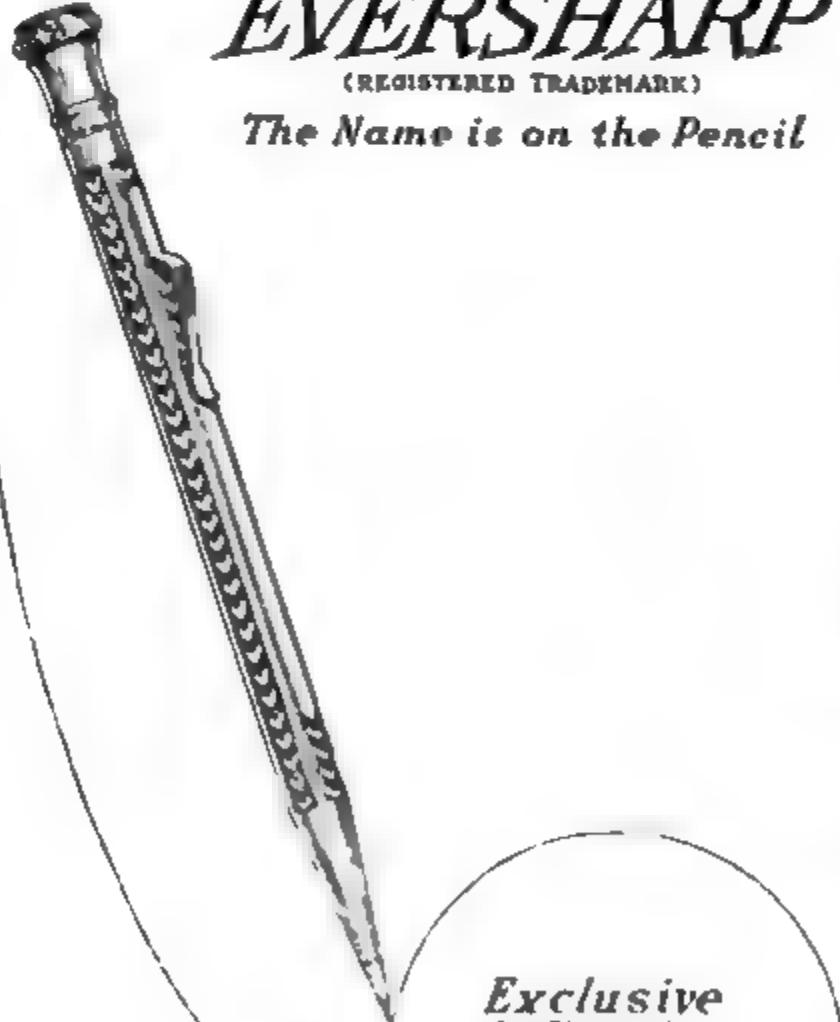
THE WAHL COMPANY LIMITED, TORONTO

# EVERSHARP

(REGISTERED TRADEMARK)

The Name is on the Pencil

Exclusive  
Rifled Tip  
Grips Lead  
Firmly



about her for Eades, that which in the blear sort of men has always make their blear side. He gaped at her.

Mary Winter caught the look in his eyes and she shrank suddenly away from him, and flushed scarlet and began to pluck the wet folds of her skirt from her limbs. At her low exclamation Winter turned and saw the deacon's face, and he saw Eades look his wet hot lips. Then Winter's hand clamped again on the other's arm, and without ceremony he hustled the man through the door. "Go away from here," he commanded.

Eades would have protested but Winter's bleak eyes frightened him and he turned and hurried a little down the driveway in the rain. When he was at a safe distance he swung around and lifted up his hands toward them and cried:

"The wages of sin is death!" The fingers of lust is death!

Winter stared threateningly and the man fled away. Then the farmer turned back into the house, and found Mary Winter frightened and shaking. "He's found out," she whispered, trembling against him. "He knows."

Her husband took her comfortingly. "You, but no matter dear."

"No matter," she crooned bravely. "Only I could not bear the way he looked at me. He made me feel naked, and ashamed."

Winter shook with stern anger. "Aye," he cried. "That man came to judge us. With evil in his mind. To look at you! God knows, between him and us, I'm going to be judged."

His very word was shattered by the tremendous, splitting crash of the lightning bolt as it struck the oak across the road. It left them standing in each other's arms paralyzed for a moment by the immensity of the sound. Then Winter flung open the door and at what he saw raced down the drive toward where Eades had left his car.

But when he reached the spot he saw at once that the man was irreversibly dead. The people at Hamiton were always accustomed to say that God seemed to take a hand in the affairs of men, out at the old Warden farm.

## Don't Be a Dinosaur!

Continued from page 15

and being consequently and promptly moved into a nice little office with his name on the glass door.

The needs of the day have sharpened his sensitiveness and focused his interests, and the campaign of dogmatic assertion is sending the young men of Canada into the class rooms by the tens of thousands.

In the city of Toronto alone there are a thousand bank clerks who are spending two or three nights a week studying advanced banking practice—and the same is true of many other centres. They are paying out their own good money from what everyone knows is not too munificent salary in order to meet opportunity while it still is in the way. The banks in Toronto and other cities have put their strong seal of approval on this practice. Their employees who have the interest and enthusiasm to go through with this work find that not only are they reimbursed for their outlay but receive a bonus as well.

### Doing It Thoroughly

"WE'VE noticed one thing," said the general manager of one of the large correspondence and night schools. "They're not hurrying through. They used to a few years ago while the war was on. Any time was enough. They would be with us two or three months and then they would be off. It was easy enough to get a post in them with very little training. But we've noticed a marked difference lately. They have come to us and they have worked not for two or three months but for a year or more, and they have done it because they found it was good business. We didn't urge it. They found it out for themselves."

"But he's only been with us three years, you say?"

"Yes, but he has done more in those three years to make himself worth more to this bank than most of them have done in nine years. I feel more obligation to three years of eager energetic service than to nine of mere idleness."

"All right," said the general manager. "Send him over to see me."

Burnett went over the heads of some few

hundred faithful employees, and no doubt the few hundred were inclined to think they had been slighted. But some of them stopped to think. And this is the story of the man who stopped to think, wherever you find them.

Which Came First—Man or Egg?

"WHETHER the kind of young man who succeeds is the kind who studies anyway, or whether he succeeds because he studies, is one of those things you can't very well discover," says one bank official. "But we have our own idea."

"Of course the mere fact that a young man has stepped into a night school does not mean that Providence is going to graft a \$10,000 salary on a \$1,000 intellect. But it does mean this, that if there is a potential ten thousand in that thousand dollar intellect then it is going to get its chance."

A young man who had been studying with one of the large correspondence schools had been doing pretty well and as is the general custom in such cases the school authorities notified the large manufacturing concern with which he was connected offering to keep them informed of his progress. In reply the manager said: "We have a position waiting now and we have been wondering just where we could get a man of the character we want. We are more than glad to know that we have one in our own plant. We are anxious to hear of his progress and you can be sure that we will make it worth his while." Oh yes, it isn't all black faced type, these glowing stories it's a simple fact that when a young man keeps his door on the latch Opportunity is more than likely to stumble in.

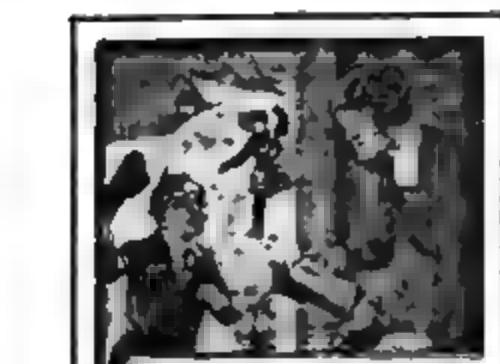
### The Evidence in the Case

MOROVER if anyone averse to say that the \$10,000 a year salary story is spurious it is not a particularly difficult matter to pick up a goodly morsel of evidence to the contrary.

Not so very long ago a young clerk stood behind the counter of one of Toronto's large departmental stores. He hadn't much to recommend him except the saving grace of interest in his business. Whenever his department squeaked itself into the store's advertising he would go home and brag about it till his family came to the melancholy conclusion that George was a nut, and that ultimately somebody would have to be done about it. While the family was considering just what this something would be George took a hand in it himself by discovering that every time his department was mentioned in the paper it meant more work for himself. From this combination of active brain and tired feet he deduced for himself that advertising meant business. It wasn't a new discovery of course but it was as good as new as far as George was concerned. He was tremendously interested, and kept watching the papers and worrying his family with an added fervor. Then he got an idea that he would like to know how it was done and surreptitiously he would steal out of the house and go to night school. When he outgrew that he took an advanced correspondence course. He learned what should be advertised and why.

Finally a casual word dropped by his department chief brought George to the knowledge of the heads of the firm. Rather to his surprise George had to report to the advertising department of the store. A few years later he was the head of that department. Nothing spurious about that. You can locate George now. He is head of the advertising department of one of the two largest departmental stores in the United States, and George's family have ceased to feel that they will have to do something about it for George has done it himself in the tune of \$25,000 annually.

During the war you will probably remember that submarines were made in Canada. When the decision to manufacture in this country was first considered it was generally decided that it would take quite a long time to get the thing started. Just about that time a daring young big shman dropped off the coast of "One" and I guess you all know who that was. He didn't sink but he did blow up one of those two-lifter ships which were really supposed to be the spearheads of the game. But somehow they started nevertheless, and before long the depots of those submarines began to look like a



## GIVE THEM Baker's Cocoa TO DRINK

The almost unceasing activity with which children work off their surplus energy makes good and nutritious food a continual necessity.

Of all the food drinks Baker's Cocoa is the most perfect, supplying as it does much valuable material for the upbuilding of their growing bodies. Just as good for older people. It is delicious, too, of fine flavor and aroma.

MADE ONLY BY  
Walter Baker & Co. Limited

Established 1760

MONTREAL, CANADA      BOSTON, MASS.  
Booklet of Choice Receipts sent free.

## JAEGER

Is the Hall Mark  
For Woollens

The name Jaeger on a Woollen garment, like the Hall Mark on silver and gold, stamps it as reliable. Jaeger's reputation has been gained by keeping exclusively to a standard of quality and purity for over thirty years.



The JAEGER CO., Limited  
MONTREAL TORONTO TORONTO

Carrie Diamonds  
CASH OR CREDIT  
Terms 30-60-90 Days  
We have a large selection  
of Diamonds  
JACOBS BROS.  
100 Yonge Street  
Duds & Toronto Apartments  
Toronto, Ontario

Vote as always

As all druggists

## A New Idea for Wall Decorations

**A LABASTINE Opaline Effects** are the latest idea in wall decorations. They give a colorful, harmonious flecked effect that resembles the texture of your furnishings as well as the colors. There is an infinite variety of color combinations, and the cost is much less than paper or paint.

Write for our Booklets, "Alabastine Opaline Effects," and "Alabastine Color Plan Book."

CHURCH'S COLD WATER

## Alabastine

The Alabastine Company,  
Paris, Limited



Glaxo  
The Super-Milk  
"Builds Bonnie Babies"

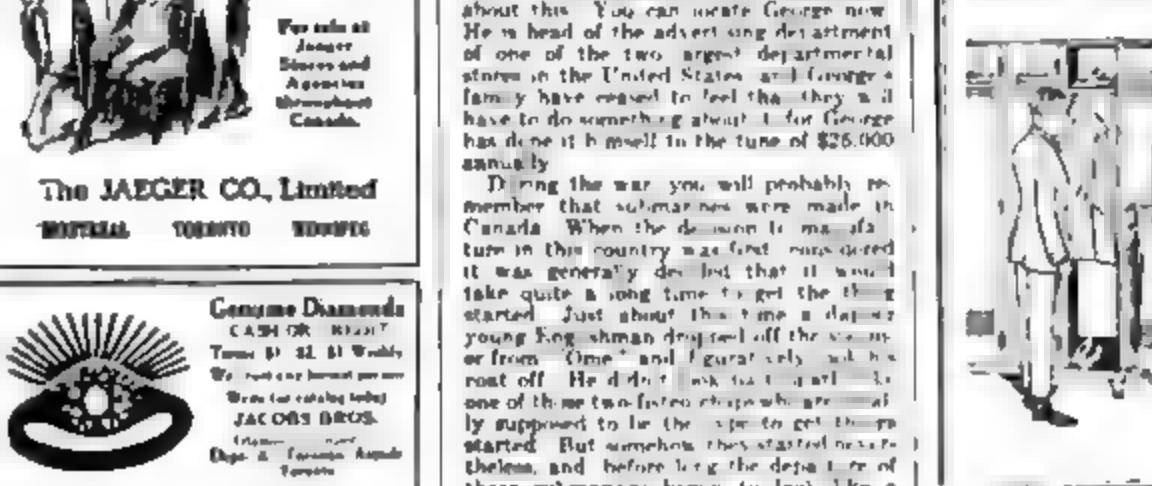
Glaxo is sold by Druggists throughout Canada  
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Harold F. Blitch & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto

## Save Space! In the Office—In the Shop—Everywhere

Install the equipment that will give you more space, and take the place of lumber, boxes, rooms and other clutter that never seem sufficient for the use you have been led to believe they have. Draw-leaf Cabinets are for the storing of stationery, receipts, books, etc. They are a hand-some set of office furniture, durable, roomy, broad, and keep a safe roomy corner for the use of visitors. They can be arranged to suit individual needs.

Write for folder.

SIR DENNIS WIRE AND IRON  
WORKS CO. LTD.  
LONDON







—and after you have asked for RUBBERSET BRUSHES by name, look for THIS trade mark—find it—SPEL IT OUT!

On paint brushes  
and shaving brushes  
make certain the  
little man is there!



# RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

—for in no other way  
can you  
**ALWAYS BE SURE**  
of getting the GENUINE RUBBERSET you asked for!

From the time we made our first brush which could safely be used IN ANY COMPOUND in which a bristle brush might properly be asked to serve, we have striven to put into every brush of our making THE BEST of quality in both materials and workmanship.

In honest pride in the proven superiorities of our process we gave to our brushes, and imprinted upon each and every one of them, the trade name RUBBERSET, in witness that they were products of RUBBERSET COMPANY LTD.—true creations of the ideas and ideals which inspire our every operation.

Today, no brush is so widely asked for by name as RUBBERSET. But in this very protection lurks this peril to the unwary—*Not every person who simply ASKS for a RUBBERSET brush, GETS the ORIGINAL and*



**GENUINE article  
made by us!**  
THAT YOUR PROTECTION MAY BE MADE COMPLETE, take to heart this simple warning. *Claims to duplication of our process are not uncommon. Confusing imitations of our trade name are frequently found.*

### SIMILARITY IS NOT IDENTITY!

A brush may SEEM to be made somewhat like a RUBBERSET, yet NOT be as good a brush. It may even bear a trade name that LOOKS like RUBBERSET and SOUNDS like RUBBERSET, but it will NOT be ours!

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cannot be stemmed with out serious loss and inconvenience to the country.

The law for instance has to be administered and our judges have to be paid, so that there can be little expectation of a reduction of the item \$2 181 632 allowing for the administration of justice. The business of cutting down estimates which involves the reduction of staffs and the refusal of contracts is at any time a trying task for ministers, but it must be peculiarly difficult for the leaders of a party which has been out of office for ten years. But it must be faced and there is a wide scope for it in more than one department of our government.

The Militia estimates for last year absorbed the sum of \$11 890 000 and the soldiers felt themselves deeply aggrieved, but since the atmosphere there was submitted to the Militia Council a perfectly feasible and intelligent scheme for the reorganization of our military forces which I put into effect would provide us with just as competent a nucleus of an army as the militia system does and at a cost of less than \$6,000,000 per annum. Mr. Graham may never have seen it but it is in his department that one of the greatest opportunities for economy lies.

Our navy last year claimed \$3,736,986 and it is difficult to see what adequate returns we received from this expenditure. The Geddes report which was recently published in London aroused hectic protest from the British Admiralty but its main recommendations about the navy will be put into effect and save the British taxpayer many millions. In view of the decision of the Washington Conference there seems no valid reason why two million dollars should not be lopped off our naval estimates.

But obviously the most fruitful wine yard for the labour of the economist lies in our national railways. The deficit upon them will be smaller than last year but it will certainly reach \$50,000,000 and to this must be added \$9,000,000 more for the luxury of our mercantile marine. The

best method of wiping out this terrible burden opens up a prolific field of controversy and the merits of the various solutions need not be here discussed. The most feasible seems to be an aggressive immigration policy which would bring settlers to our vacant spaces and provide additional freight and passenger traffic. If, as Sir Clifford Sifton has suggested, we could in the next ten years put 500,000 more farmers upon our land, we should be in a fair way to railway salvation. For the country would cheerfully face a deficit of \$20,000,000 and count itself well off.

There is also room for considerable economies in the Civil Service. It is both underpaid and overmanned and under a wise system reorganization both greater efficiency and lessened expenditure should be possible. If we could save \$50,000,000 on our railways, \$5,000,000 on the militia, \$5,000,000 on the Civil administration and \$2,000,000 on the navy, we would reduce our annual expenditure to the manageable sum of about \$370,000,000, which is easily within our taxable capacity as soon as trade revives and sustains our revenues at the level of the present fiscal year.

One thing, however, is urgently needed. At present the boundaries of taxation between federal, provincial and municipal authorities are vague and ill-defined, both federal and provincial legislatures levy an income tax and duplicate organizations have to be maintained for its collection. The provincial governments levy succession duties, but at least one of our political parties proposes that the Federal government, as in the United States and Britain should also impose them. There are other points in which the various jurisdictions clash. A conference if conducted with skill and good temper could probably produce an equitable arrangement which would leave certain fields as the monopoly of each authority or at least allow co-operative action in the collection of taxes which they might agree to share.

## Ovington's Bank

Continued from page 26

"And you will forgive me? You will do your best to forgive me?"

"I will do my best, if you will not carry off my basket," she replied, with a smile, for he was turning away with the basket on his arm. "Thank you," he restored it and in his embarrassment nearly dropped his gun. "Goodbye."

"You are sure that you will be safe now?"

"If you have no fresh accident with the gun," she laughed. "Please be careful."

She nodded and turned and tripped away, dreamily reviewing what had happened.

Near the garden door she was roughly brought to earth. Miss Peacock visiting the yard on some domestic errand had discerned her. "Josina!" she cried. "My dear, girl, but you have been quick! I wish the maids were half as quick when they go! A whole afternoon is not enough for them to walk a mile. But you've not brought the eggs?" staring.

"I didn't go," said Josina mildly. "I was frightened by a gun."

"A gun?"

"And I felt a little faint."

"Faint? Why you've got the colour of a rose girl. Faint? Well, when I want galeny eggs again I shan't send you. Where was I?"

Under the Thirty Acres—by the sills. I heard a gun and—"

"Shoo!" cried Miss Peacock, vanity contemptuous. "Heard a gun, indeed! At your age Josina! I don't know what girls are coming to! If you don't take care you'll be all nerves and vapours like your aunt at the Cottage! Go and take a dose of gilly-flower water this minute, and the less said to your father the better. Why you'd never hear the end of it. Afraid because a gun went off?"

Josina agreed that it was very silly and went quietly up to her room. Yes, the less said about it the better!

### CHAPTER VII

THE terraced garden at Garth rested to the south and east on a sustaining wall so high that to build it to-day would tax the resources of three Squares. Unfortunately either for defence or protection from the weather, the wall rose high on the

inner side also, so that he who walked in the garden might enjoy indeed the yellow tints of the old brickwork, but had no view of the country, except through certain loop-holes, gable-shaped, which pierced the wall at intervals, like the port-holes of a battleship. If the tower of landscape wanted more, he must climb half a dozen steps to a raised wall which ran along the south side. Thence he could look, as from an eyrie, on the green meadows below him, or away to the line of hills to westward; or, turning about, he could overlook the operations of the gardener at his feet.

More, if it rained or blew there was at the south-west corner, and entered from the raised walk, an ancient Dutch summer-house of brick, with a pyramidal roof. It had large windows and, with much at Garth that served for ornament rather than utility, it was decayed, tame and damp, having almost effaced its dim frescoes. But tradition hallowed it, for William of Orange. It was said, after dining in the hall at the oak-table which still bore the date 1691 had smoked his pipe and drunk his Schnaps in this summer-house, and thence had watched the roll of the bowls and the play of the bias on the turf below. For in those days the garden had been a bowling green.

There on summer evenings the Squire would still smoke his pipe or drink his port, but in winter the place was little used, tools desecrated it, and tubers took refuge in it. So when Josina began about this time to frequent it, and, as winter yielded to the first breath of spring, began to carry her work thither of an afternoon, Miss Peacock might have had her suspicions had she taken note of the fact. She took no note of it, however, being a busy woman. Thomas the grocer did remark the fact for idle hands make watchful eyes, but for a time he was none the wiser.

"What's young Miss doing up there?" he asked himself. "Must be larning cold. And her looks fine, too! Ay, 'tis well to be them as has sought to do but trapse up and down and sniff the air!"

Naturally it did not at once occur to him that the summer-house commanded a view of the brook side and the path which ran along it, nor did he suppose that Miss had any purpose, when, as might happen once a week perhaps, she would leave her



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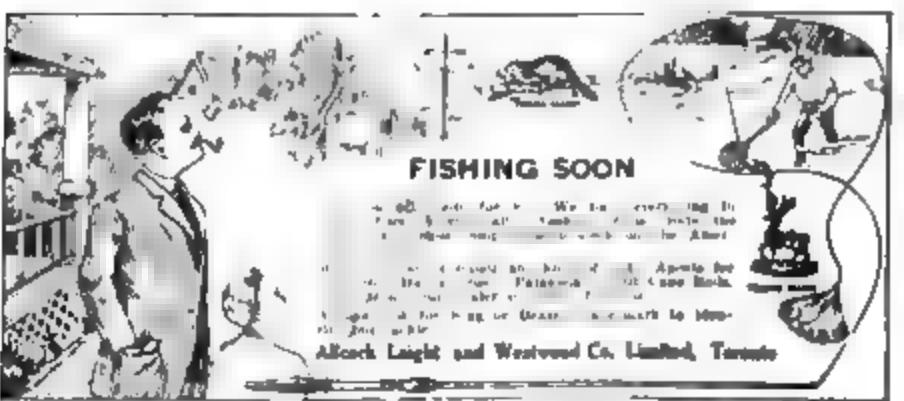
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Graying hair ages a young face and  
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its original natural color and look 10  
years younger. This is simple, sure  
and safe. Cuticura Insures Thick Glossy Hair.

It's easy to use. Just apply Cuticura  
Soap to the scalp of damp hair with  
your fingers. It's safe, non-toxic, non-irritating  
and non-staining. It's a natural hair colorant.

It's safe for all hair types. It's  
non-toxic, non-irritating and non-staining.

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Shampoo with Cuticura Soap pre-  
ceded by light applications of Cuti-  
cura. Apply to the scalp skin do-  
ing this to cleanse the scalp of dan-  
gerous bacteria and promote the healthy  
condition necessary to producing  
thick glossy hair.

And if I am," plaintively. "It is all  
over, and for you Arthur who are away  
now, far out of town, but I'm here and  
he's here. And I have to listen to him  
and if the money is lost."

"But I cannot be lost. I tell you!"

"Well, if it's lost, we shall both be beg-  
gar'd. Oh, dear, dear. I'm sure if your  
father told me once he told me a hundred  
times."

"Damn!" Arthur cried, fairly losing his



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The front rotation of blades can be  
adjusted with perfect safety. An adjustable  
Nozzle to spray or spray or spray  
the clothes. Hand cleaner and per-  
fume bottle and the hair brush, making  
them soft and fluffy. Write for literature.

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THE EASY WASHING MACHINE CO.  
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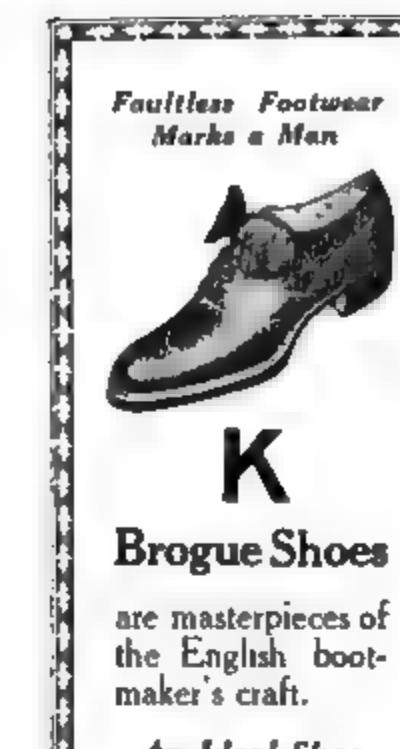
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The EASY  
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WASHER

The front rotation of blades can be  
adjusted with perfect safety. An adjustable  
Nozzle to spray or spray or spray  
the clothes. Hand cleaner and per-  
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Write for FREE sample card  
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temper at last. "The truth is, mother,  
that my father knew nothing about mon-  
ey."

AT THAT however Mrs. Bourdillon  
began to cry and Arthur found him-  
self obliged to drop the matter for the  
time. He saw indeed that he was on the  
wrong track and a few days later under  
pressure of necessity he tried another.  
He humbled himself, he wheedled, he ca-  
joled and when he had by this means got,  
as he thought, on the right side of his  
mother he spoke of Ovington's success.

In a few years he will be worth a quar-  
ter of a million," he said.

The figure flushed her. "Why, that's

"A quarter of a million," he repeated  
impressively. "And that's why I consider  
this the chance of my life, mother. It  
is such an opportunity as I shall never have  
again. It's within my reach now, and  
surely surely," his voice shook with the  
fervour of his pleading, "you will not  
be the one to dash it from my lips!" He  
laid his hand upon her wrist. "And ruin  
your son's life mother?"

She was shaken. "You know, if I  
thought it was for your good!"

"It is! It is! Mother!"

"I'd do anything to make you happy,  
Arthur, but I don't believe" with a sigh.  
"that whatever I did, your uncle would  
pay the money."

"He would have to. Is it his money or  
yours?"

"Why of course, Arthur, I thought that  
you knew that it is your father's." She  
was very simple and her pride was touched.  
"And now it is yours. And I suppose  
that some day I hope it will be a long  
day, mother, it will be mine. Believe me,  
you're only to write to my uncle and tell  
him that you have decided to call it up,  
and he will pay it as a matter of course.  
Shall I write the letter for you to sign?"

Mrs. Bourdillon looked pitifully at him.  
She was very very unwilling to comply,  
but what was she to do? Between love  
for him and fear of the Squire what was  
she to do? Poor woman she did not know.  
But he was with her the Squire was absent,  
and she was about to acquiesce when a last  
argument occurred to her. "But you are  
forgetting," she said, "if your uncle takes  
offence, and I'm sure that he will, he'll  
come between you and Josina."

"Well, that is his 'ook-out'."

"Arthur!" astonished. "You don't  
mean that you've changed your mind  
and you so fond of her?" And the girl turned  
to Garth and all her father's money."

"I say nothing about it," Arthur de-  
clared. "If he chooses to come between  
us that will be his doing not mine."

"But Garth!" Mrs. Bourdillon was  
altogether at sea. "My dear boy, you are  
not thinking! Why Lord has mercy on us,  
where would you find such another young  
and pretty and all and Garth in her pock-  
et?" Why if it were only on Josie's account  
you'd be mad to quarrel with him."

"I'm not going to quarrel with him,"  
Arthur replied sullenly. "If he chooses to  
quarrel with me, well she's not the only  
beauty in the world."

"Oh dear me," his mother said wearily.  
"I give it up. I don't understand you.  
But I'm only a woman and I suppose I  
don't understand anything."

He was accustomed to command, she to  
be guided; he saw that she was wavering  
and he plied her afresh with all the dexter-  
ity he could command. In the end, though  
not without another outburst of tears, he  
succeeded. He fetched the pen, he smoothed  
the paper and before he handed his  
mother her bed-rattle he had got the  
fateful letter written and had even by  
lavishing on her unusual signs of affection  
brought a smile to her face. "It will be  
all right, mother, you'll see," he cried as  
he watched her mount the stairs. "It  
will be all right. You'll see me still on air  
yet."

A take that was to cost him dearly.  
He left the letter on the mantel shelf.  
An hour later when he had been some time  
in bed he heard a door open below and he  
sat up and listened. Even then, half he  
acted on the instant, it might have availed.  
But he hesitated, arguing down his mis-  
givings and was only when he caught  
the sound of footsteps stealthily re-  
assuring that he jumped out of bed and it  
was his rattle. He slipped hurriedly down  
stairs, but he was too late. The letter was  
gone.

He went up to bed again and though

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## CANADIAN WOMAN IN "MILLION CLASS"

Marshall Saunders' "Beautiful Joe" Has Wonderful Record. She Writes to Buzz Saw Accompaniment of Her Sparrows

By NORMA PHILLIPS MUIR

**T**O HAVE written books that have been translated into many foreign languages, including Chinese and Bulgarian, as "Beautiful Joe" has been translated; to be one of the very few Canadian authors who are in "the million class," and to have been the subject of a poem—surely this were enough to turn most heads, but not that which is levelly poised on the shoulders of Marshall Saunders.

One night, not very long ago, I accepted Miss Saunders' invitation to come and see her in her own apartment home.

"I'm at the Aberdeen Club, you know," she informed me. "It was built by the City Housing Commission—cosy red brick apartments down in the hollow on Bain avenue, and they are charming—designed after the English style. I'm in number 14."

So I went to number 14, Aberdeen club, climbed one flight of stairs and found Miss Saunders. She led me into her sitting room, and that room, and the one adjoining it, which I glimpsed through the open door, were a veritable reader's sanctum, for books lined the walls, and titles of classics, volumes of poems, by authors old and new, essays, letters, from great men to their wives, or to other great men, books of animal life, of nature study, of travel, of biography, and many of fiction, tantalized with their promise, and lured one toward the comfortable chair drawn invitingly near to the softly shaded lamp.

For a while we discussed books. "Beautiful Joe" came into the conversation, and from the name of that immortal, crop-eared dog, it was but a short step to the realm of animal and bird life. I confessed to a hankering for a view of the study where Miss Saunders wrote the stories of bird and beast, and with a twinkle in her eye Miss Saunders graciously consented to take me up to her "garret study."

beckoning me to come, she opened the door leading to the attic, and as my eye followed her directing finger I saw what appeared to be the tail of a common street sparrow.

"Wake up, Foxy, I've got company and I'm going to work," cried Miss Saunders, and immediately the tail switched out of sight, and there pivoted into view a dark little head, beneath which was the dark feathered "bib" which denotes the male bird.

### Foxy Sings Like A Saw

WITH Miss Saunders leading the way we went up stairs, passed by Foxy on his perch, and entered the study where



Miss Marshall Saunders and Foxy Sunday

sharpening a saw, Foxy sang an accompaniment to the rattle of the typewriter keys, and Miss Saunders explained that this was quite according to custom. Foxy is in love with the clash of the keys, and no matter at what hour his mistress decides to work, Foxy is on the job, to cheer her with his buzz saw melody.

"The children about here all know me," said Miss Saunders, "and they know that I love animals, so if a dog or cat or horse or bird is hurt, they ring my bell and beg my assistance. In the Spring, they find many tiny birds which have fallen out of their nests, and they bring them to me to care for. That is how I got Foxy—but Foxy won't go away. He goes into his big cage to eat and drink, but sleeps on that perch in the hall, and lives a happy life here."

"Foxy and I had jubilant calculation,"

"Rida and I had jubilant calculation,"

mitted the author of "Bonnie Prince Fletar," "forty dollars for three weeks' work—forty dollars every three weeks for the rest of my life!" And then at last my attention fell on the animals at my feet, and I wrote "Beautiful Joe".

Miss Saunders was born in Nova Scotia,

daughter of the Rev. Dr. E. M. Saunders,

myself a writer, and early in her literary career she felt the need for travel, and with a sister visited many of the far-away lands across the sea. In addition to her books she has written many short stories and articles, and for some time was a regular contributor to the columns of the Halifax Herald.

### Joe Was A Real Dog

**B**EAUTIFUL JOE which has sold more than a million copies, is the story of an treated dog, the original of which was born

Meaford, Ontario, and which actually

had its tail shortened and its ears cropped

by a cruel owner. It is interesting to know

that a new edition of "Beautiful Joe" is in

process of preparation, and that more than twenty thousand words have been

ruled out of the original edition.

"I am a systematic person, or try to be,"

"I am a systematic person, or try to be,"

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**DECOTINT**  
A SANITARY COLD WATER PAINT FOR WALL AND CEILINGS

Makes Beautifully Tinted Walls and Ceilings.

Let DECOTINT give to the interior walls and ceilings of your home that artistic individuality which appeals to the most critical. DECOTINT is the modern finish for the interior decoration of the home. Put up in dry powder form it can be prepared in a few minutes by mixing with cold water. Applied with a good wall brush it goes on to stay on.

**Deco-Tint Products**

- DECOTINT A Sanitary Cold Water Paint for Walls and Ceilings
- HAT-BRITE New Hat Brightener
- POLISH-ON Auto and Furniture Polish
- METAL-BRITE A Metal Polish or Rust Remover
- DECOWAX A Wax Polish for Floors, Furniture, Woodwork, Automobiles, etc.
- STEVE PIPE ENAMEL Kitchen Enamel

And it is so easy to select the color combination you fancy from among the twenty-two delicate DECOTINT colors. Your dealer will help you select the right DECOTINT colors for the job in hand.

Always ask for Deco-Tint Products by name. A guarantee of the genuine — for sale under the Blue Label at good hardware and drug stores.

The Deco-Tint Company  
57 Centre Street Montreal

**Barber - Ellis**

**FRENCH ORGANDIE**

Is used by all who appreciate high class stationery

In note paper and tablets with envelopes to match

For the Crown-Ups Too

BUT toys alone could not be depended on to make the venture pay, for though there is always a certain demand for them the industry is a seasonal one with a big rush but once a year. It means working ten months piling up toys for the Christmas season. So Miss Roberts puts her brains to work to evolve useful things for grown-ups as well as children. The result is the bewildering variety of things she has in her studio, all touched with grace of originality, and showing the superior craftsmanship that is the result of the maker's strong artistic perception.

For the candy-loving family there are round boxes enamelled in colors or painted in designs. Scrap baskets are to be found in every tint; glove garners are transformed by having a black-browed beauty at one end; talcum powder tins are decorated

**FRENCH ORGANDIE**  
THE STATIONERY OF THE REFINED  
ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR IT

Atlantic, and when she explained conscientiously, "Not huge shipments, you know, to match bedroom colors; flower pots are enamelled in art shades suggesting the monthly parcels."

While she has not kept track, or possibly accentuated a color scheme in a room; she does not remember the financial re-score cards and bridge prizes make a strong result. Miss Roberts expresses herself appealing, while decorated knitting needles well satisfied with the progress of her work, catch the eye with their novelty. For the last two years she has drawn a One most attractive section of the studio salary and been able to put money into given over to a display of painted the business. Last year she took a tripparchment lampshades done in beautiful Buffalo to see the handicraft sold there, rich colorings by Miss Roberts' sister and but says she found nothing better. Estimating the artistic gifts of this family, strongly suspect she saw nothing quite so One of the quaint fancies that has conquered the continent is an enamelled lead

to order some ordinary white wood. No little girl would throw her dress on Having dabbled, she says, in wood carving, the floor when she possessed a pale blue she knew how to use tools. On the woodhanger ornamented with garlands of flowers she sketched various soldiers, Highlanders, while a small boy would enjoy wash-Saint Guardsman, Frenchman, Serbians his face when he had his own basin and a jolly Jack Tar. These were five-and-a-half inches high and painted in oils. When characters painted on them. What mother few dozen were completed she took them to downtown store to see if she could sell them. To her delight the proprietor eager-hyme characters, or an oilcloth protector

Buy back New York her first step was to find a child to write.

Back from New York her first step was to find a child to write.

That it pays to advertise is an accepted principle with a bonneted face or kitten's

diction, yet Miss Roberts has never ad-head at one end. For the school girl

advertisements. Others have advertised for her, there is a set consisting of ruler, pencil,

"People came through hearing about mypen and rubber, painted to match in pink

things. One person brought another, for blue, while a blotter with a cat face in

she explained.

each corner and cat inkwell would lure a

original as her work.

that would amuse baby while covering his portion of the tablecloth?

It was one year after starting before

Miss Roberts felt she could branch out

into a studio of her own in which to exhibit

and sell her wares. The year though

had been well spent, for she had been learn-

ing her work and gradually finding a mar-

ket. At first she fashioned all the furni-

ture herself after her own original ideas,

but now she has the heavier pieces, such

as bureaus, tables, chairs and see-saws,

made to her design, and she does the de-

corating. Otherwise she would never have

time to fill all her orders.

Napoleon once said angrily to a timid

adviser, "What, wait for an opportunity?

I make opportunity."

And so it seems that women who achieve

success in business to-day make their own

opportunities. They produce something

desirable, or offer that which is in steady

demand, and gradually the public makes

a path to their door. But what above all

women demonstrate in business is strict

economy and careful management where

by often without a dollar of capital they

are able to build up a remunerative under-

taking, that while ever increasing in value,

pays a good living wage to its originator.

that would amuse baby while covering his portion of the tablecloth?

It was one year after starting before Miss Roberts felt she could branch out into a studio of her own in which to exhibit and sell her wares. The year though had been well spent, for she had been learning her work and gradually finding a market. At first she fashioned all the furniture herself after her own original ideas, but now she has the heavier pieces, such as bureaus, tables, chairs and see-saws, made to her design, and she does the decorating. Otherwise she would never have time to fill all her orders.

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## Jimmy and the Speed Test

Continued from page 53

together with the money prize offered by my company, but you are deprived of that interesting demonstration. As you will see we are the only entrants in the competition."

He pointed to a large bulletin board where the name of "Henry B. Obbins, Rat-a-plan Typewriter" was visible.

"And—" he paused.

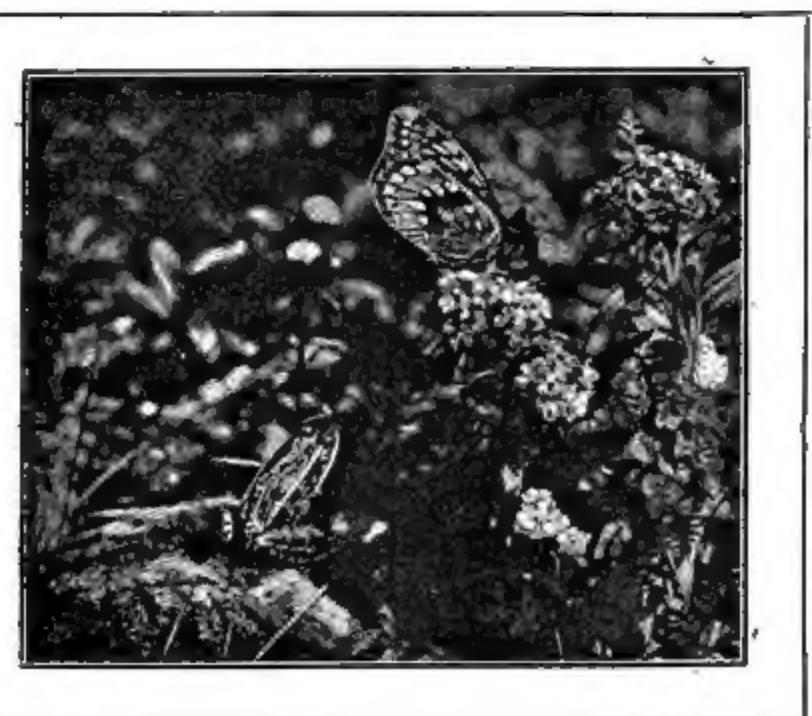
It was at that moment that the secretary of the exhibition pinned beneath the notice,

"J. J. Meagh, the Platen."

THE contest will remain in the minds of all interested in the delicate art of stenography. The two competitors sat, not at either end of the building, but at the same bench, each with the matter to be copied neatly stacked on their left and a pile of virgin white paper as neatly stacked on their right and at the word "Go!" both struck simultaneously at the keys.

The test was for half-an-hour's continuous work and in that thirty minutes Jimmy wrote 4630 words without a mistake, beating the baffled Henry Obbins by exactly twelve hundred words.

Incidentally, she established the name of the Platen typewriter, so that to-day there is scarcely an office in the city where the peculiar "click-click" of its keys cannot be heard.



"Snapped" by the camera. A wonderful photo of a frog and a butterfly, taken by Fred George Shire, 3rd, whose wonderful article in Feb. 15 attracted so much comment.

## How to Make Good Tea

Scald out a crockery tea pot and while it is warm put in one teaspoonful of Salada for every two cups. Pour on freshly boiled water, and let it remain not less than five nor more than seven minutes—the result will be the most delicious tea you ever tasted.

There is only one right way  
—and the best tea to use is

## "SALADA"

"The Delicious Tea"

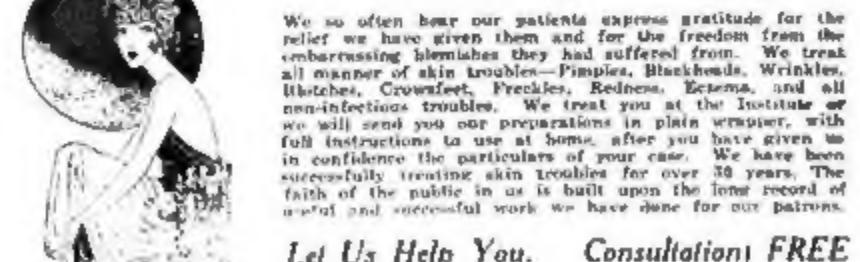
THIS COUPON

If mailed to Advertising Manager, "SALADA," Toronto, will bring you, by return mail, a sample of the delicious GOLD LABEL SALADA.

*The handle is always cool*



*"I Shall always be Grateful"*



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We make no charge for first advice and consultation. If you cannot come to the Institute, write us about your case.

Superfluous Hair Permanently Removed by Electrolysis. 30 Years Experience.

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The "Continental Limited" operates daily in either direction between Montreal and Toronto and Pacific Coast points, and comprises through All-Steel Compartment-Observation-Library car, Standard and Tourist Sleeping and Dining cars, Colonist cars and coaches.

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From either and direct through Cochrane  
Via Montreal, Ottawa, North Bay and Cochrane  
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thence North Bay and Cochrane, or Via Port Arthur

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The Main Line through Medicine Hat, Edmonton, Jasper and  
Mt. Robson Parks to Vancouver and Victoria, or via Prince Rupert and  
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## Kunderd's Wonderful New Ruffled Gladioli

are now known as the best in the world. You cannot afford to do without them in your garden next summer. No other grower has ever produced anything to compare with these marvelous new types and colors.

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Illustrating 19 of these new Gladioli in natural colors, and many others in half-tone. Most complete cultural information is given, with special directions for growing show flowers. The most beautiful and instructive Gladiolus catalog ever issued.

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The Originator of The Ruffled Gladiolus  
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## SHILOH STOPS THAT COUGH

For grown-ups or children. Safe, sure and efficient. Small dose means economy and does not upset the stomach. At all dealers, 30c, 50c and \$1.20.

### Spring Is Here—

### You Need A Tonic

To purify the blood, tone up your stomach and make you feel bright and healthy. Take

## CELERY KING

It acts gently and without discomfort. Brew a cup each night for every member of the family and feel fine this spring. At all druggists, 30c and 60c.

## Maybe Adam Laughed at These



**Flapper's Wisdom**—"I've got a fellow who owns a swell car. Do you love anyone who owns a car?"  
"Anyone."—Sun Dodger.

**Or Changing Attire**—"Does your fiancée know much about automobiles?"  
"Heavena, no. She asked me if I coulded my car by stripping the gears."—Harvard Lampoon.

**Anything to Oblige**—Old Lady to newsboy—"You don't chew tobacco, do you, little boy?"

**Newbie**—"No, mam, but I kin give you a cigarette if you want one."—Flamingo.

**No Need of Worry**—Insulted Maidens—"Oh, sir, catch that man! He tried to kiss me."

**Genial Passer-by**—"That's all right. There'll be another one along in a minute."—Williams Purple Cow.

**She Must Have Shimmied**—Harold Fly—"So poor ole Bill kicked the bucket, Fell off a girl at a dance and killed himself."

**Benny Fly**—"Um-hum-in. I always told him that bare-back riding would be the end of him."—U. of T. Cobin.

**No Rude Hello Here**—In Japan, where the subscriber rings up, the operator may be expected to ask, "What number does the honorable son of the moon and stars desire?"

"Hobik two-three."  
Silence. Then the exchange resumes.  
"Will the honorable person graciously forgive the inadequacy of the insignificant service and permit this bumble slave of the wire to inform him that the never-to-be-sufficiently-censured line is busy?"—Far Seas.

**A Quick-Thinking Race**—A Jew and a Scotsman, visiting Chester Cathedral, suddenly discovered that a service had commenced and they were left with no alternative but to take their seats amongst the congregation. With visions of the collection plate before their eyes, they racked their brains for some excuse to make an unostentatious escape. At last, when hope had almost deserted them and the plate was passing along the adjoining pew, the Jew, conceiving a brilliant inspiration, threw up his arms and fainted. The Scotsman, with a sigh of relief, promptly carried him out.—London Gazette.

**Wrong Again**—"Do you know what day this is, John, dear?" she asked sweetly at the breakfast table.

Unpleasant recollections of previous memory lapses flashed through John's mind. He would not be caught this time.

"Why, of course, my love! How could I possibly forget that this is our wedding anniversary?" he said, with gentle reproof.

"No, it isn't. That is three months ahead," she responded coldly. "This is the day on which you promised to take the afternoon off from the office and beat the rug."—Vancouver Province.

**Breaking It Gently**—This anecdote illustrates a point in statecraft which need not be raised here.

"Ma," requested a small boy, "kin I have a pencil? I wanna write a letter."

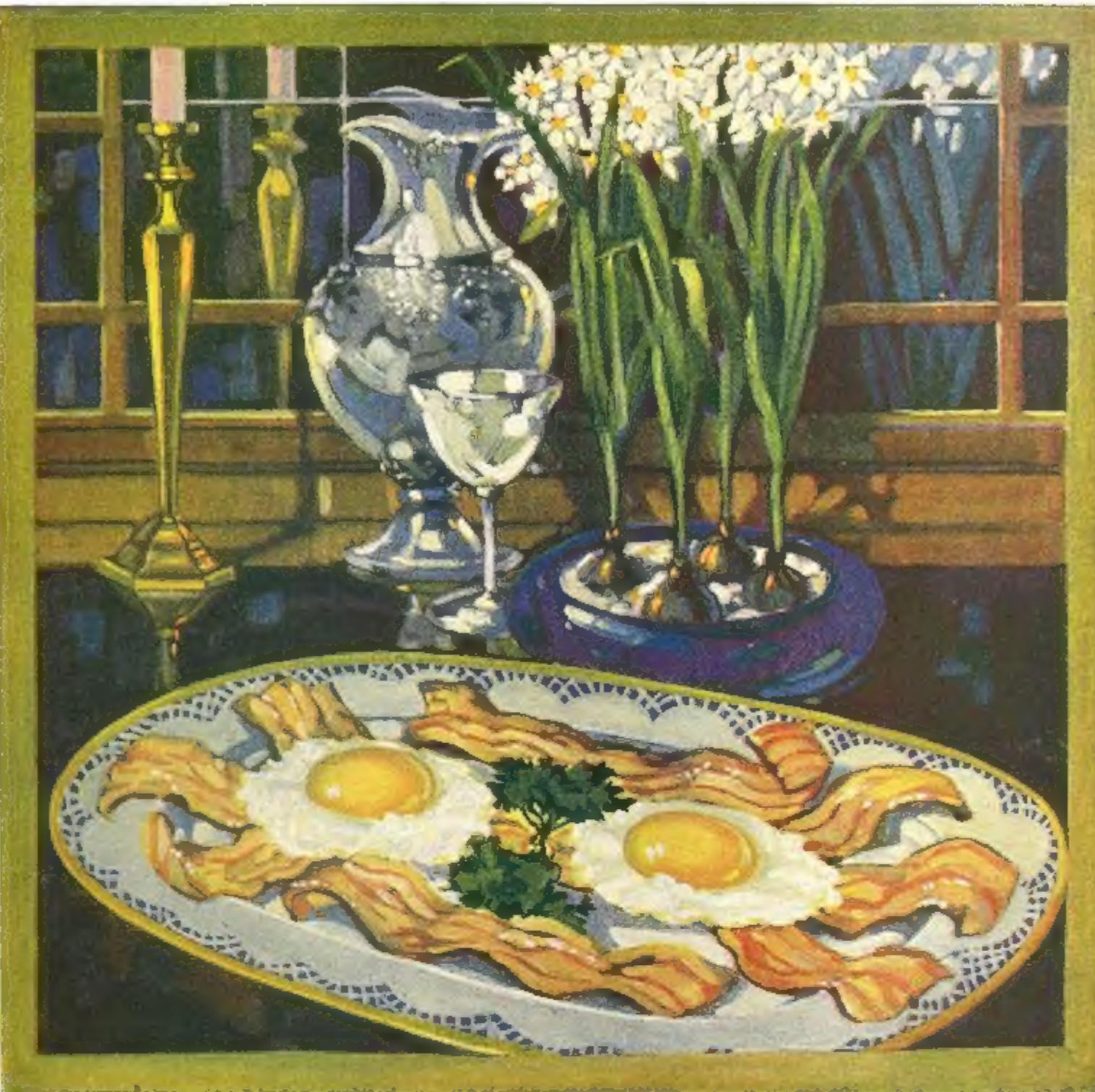
"You won't need a pencil, dear," she replied. "I left a pen and ink for you to do your lessons with right on the table."

The boy hesitated a minute.

"Ma," he began again, "don't you think the Mail is a good paper?"

"Why, of course I do," she answered in astonishment, "but what—"

"Well, you see," the lad explained, "I want a pencil to write to the editor and ask him what'll take ink stains out of a carpet."—American Legion Weekly.



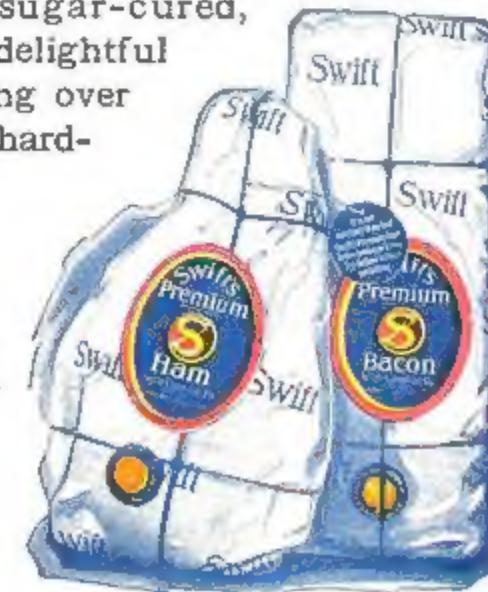
## The Easter Breakfast—Premium Bacon and Eggs

**BROOKFIELD** Eggs served with tender slices of Premium Bacon—fried slowly, so that not a bit of its wonderful flavor is lost! Of all the delicacies that make Easter breakfast especially delightful in all parts of the world, nothing is more appetizing, more satisfying, than this distinctively Canadian dish. Each

slice of Premium Bacon is a masterpiece of delicate flavor. Evenly-streaked meat from correctly-fed, tender young pigs—sugar-cured, and given a delightful tang by hanging over the smoke of hardwood fires—such is

## Swift's Premium Bacon

Order from your Butcher or Grocer



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Limited  
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Makes  
Bathrooms  
Bright

Old Dutch quickly removes all scum and dirt from porcelain tubs and wash-bowls without marring the surface.

Economical—saves time and work



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